Vera Effigies

IOHANNIS CLEAVELLAND

Printed for Nat: Brooke at the Angel in Cornhill

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POEMS.

BY

John Cleavland.

With Additions never before Printed.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Williams* at the sign of the *Crown* in St. *Pauls-Church-Yard*, 1661.

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TO THE
STATE of LOVE;
OR,
The Senses Festivall.

I Saw a vision yester-night
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* sight;
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,
And her quick pulse my trembling Sphear:
It was a She so glistering bright,
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*,
A Person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be in'd with 'fame;
Beauties chiefest Maid of honour;
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbesse of the Skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet, because 'tis more renown
To make a shadow shine, she's brown;
A brown, for which, Heaven would disband
The Gallaxye, and Stars be tann'd,
Brow by reflection, as her eye,
Dazels the Summers livery.

Old dormant windows muſt confeſſe,
Her beams their glimmering ſpectacles;
Struck with the ſplendor of her face,
Do'th'office of a burning-glaſſe.
Now where ſuch radiant lights have ſhown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with luſtre of her own.
My ſight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now imbrace her in mine arms,
(Loves compaſſes) confining you
Good Angels to a compaſſe too.
Is not the Univerſe ſtraight-lac'd,
When I can claſp it in the waſt?
My amorous foulds about thee hurl'd
With *Dricks*, I compaſſe in the World;
I hoop the Firmament, and make
This my embrace the Zodiack.
How would the Center take my fence,
When admiration doth commence,
At the extream circumference!
Now to the melting kiſs that ſips
The jelley'd Philtre of her lips
So ſweet, there is no tongue can prais't,
Till tranſubſtantiate with a taſte,
Inſpir'd like *Mahomet* from above,
By th' billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints his ſignets in her ſmacks,
Thoſe ruddy d-ops of ſqueezing wax:
Which whereſoever ſhe impaſts,
They're Privy Seals to make up hearts.

Our mouths encountring at the sport,
My slippery soul had quit the fort,
But that she stopt the Sally-port.
Next to those sweets her lips dispence,
As twin-conserves of eloquence,
The sweet perfume her breath affords
Incorporating with her words;
No Rosary this votresse needs,
Her very syllables are beads.
No sooner 'twixt these Rubies born,
But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
With what delight her speech doth enter
It is a kiss o'th' second venter.
And I dissolve at what I hear,
As if another *Rosamund* were
Couch'd in the Labrinth of my ear.
Yet, that's but a preludious bliss;
Two souls pickearing in a kiss:
Embraces do but draw the line,
'Tis storming that must take her in.
When bodies whine, and victory hovers
'Twixt the equal fluttering Lovers,
This is the game, make stakes my dear.
Hark how the sprightly *Chanticlere*,
(That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,)
Sounds *Boot-esel* to *Cupids* knight.
Then have at all, the passe is got,
For coming off, oh name it not:
Who would not die upon the spot?

FUSCARA, or the Bee errant.

NAtures confectioner, the *Bee*,
Whose suckets are moist *Alchymie*,
The Still of his refining mould,
Minting the Garden into gold;
Having rifled all the fields
Of what dainties *Flora* yeilds,
Ambitious now to take Excise
Of a more fragrant Paradice,
At my *Fuscara*'s sleeve arriv'd,
Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
The ayrie Freebooters distreins
First on the Violet of her Veins,
Whose tincture could it be more pure,
His ravenous kiss had made it bluer:
Here did he sit, and essence quaff,
Till her coy pulse had beat him off:
That Pulse, which he that feels may know
Wherher the Worlds long-liv'd or no.
The next he preys on is her Palm,
That Alm'net of transpiring Balm;
So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,
Tender as 'twere a gelly glov'd,
Here while his canting drone-pipe scann'd
The Mystick figures of her hand,
He tipples Palmestry, and dives
On all her fortune-telling lives:

He bathes in bliſſe and finds no odds,
Betwixt the Nectar and the Gods,
He perches now upon her wriſt,
A proper hawk for ſuch a fiſt,
Making that fleſh his bill of fare,
Which hungry Cannibals would ſpare,
Where Lillies in a lovely brown
Inoculate Carnation:
Her *Argent* skin with *Or* ſo ſtream'd
As if the milky way were cream'd.
From hence he to the wood-bine bends
That quivers at her fingers ends,
That runs deviſion on the three,
Like a thick branching pedigree.
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
It is a pretty maze of flowers,
It is the Roſe that bleeds when he
Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
About her finger he doth cling
I'th' faſhion of a wedding ring,
And bids his Comrades of the ſwarm
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm,
Thus when the hovering Publican
Had ſuck'd the Toll of all her ſpan,
Tuning his draughts with drowſie hums,
As *Danes* carowſe by Kettle Drums,
It was decreed that poſie glean'd
The ſmall familiar ſhould be wean'd.
At this the Errants courage quails,
Yet aided by his native ſails.

The bold *Columbus* ſtill deſigns
To find her undiſcovered mines:
To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
Fraught both with Eaſt and Weſtern prize;
Which when he had in vain aſſaid,
Arm'd like a dapper Lance-preſade,
With *Spaniſh* pike he broacht a pore,
And ſo both made and heal'd the ſore:
For as in Gummy trees there's found,
A ſalve to iſſue at the wound,
Of this her breach the like was true,
Hence trickled out a balſome too:
But oh! what Waſp was't that could prove
Ratilias to my *Queen of Love?*
The King of Bees now's jealous grown,
Leſt her beams ſhould melt his throne:
And finding that his tribute ſlacks,
His Burgeſſes, and ſtate of Wax
Turn'd to an Hoſpital, the combs
Build rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
And what they bleed but tart and ſowre,
Matcht with my *Danaës* golden ſhowre,
Live-Honey all, the envious elf
Stung her, 'cauſe ſweeter than himſelf.
Sweetneſs and ſhe are ſo ally'd,
The *Bee* committed paricide.

To JULIA to expedite her promise,

SInce 'tis my Doom, Loves under-Shrieve
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my She-Advouson flie
Incumbency?
Panting Expectance makes us prove
The Antics of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joyns,
They're *Hymens* Monkeys which he ties by th'
To play (alas!) but at Rebated Foyns. (loyns,
To sell thy self dost thou intend
By Candle end?
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails;
Your Sex lives faster than the males,
As if to measure Age's span
The Sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man,
Whilst You live by the fleet *Gregorian*.
Now since you bear a Date so short
Live double for't.
How can thy Fortresse ever stand
If't be not mann'd?
The Siege so gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face,
Pity thy self then, if not me.
And hold not out, lest (like *Ostend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbish at Deliverie.

The

The Candidates of *Peters* chair
must plead gray hair,
And use the Simony of a cough
To help them off;
But when I woe thus old and spent
I'le wed by Will and Testament.
No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd
Are but gay Furlows for another world.

To morrow what thou tender'st me,
Is Legacie;
Not one of all those rav'nous hours
But thee devours.
And though thou'st still recruited be,
Like *Pelops*, with soft Ivorie;
Though thou consume but to renew;
Yet Love, as Lord, doth claim a Herriot due.
That's the best quick thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe
By that soft gripe,
And those regealing christall sphears
I hold thy tears,
Pleadges of more distilling sweets,
The Bath that ushers in the sheets,
Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wise)
Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes
To cure the spittle-world of maladies.

THE

THE HECATOMB TO HIS MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming Trade,
Geld the loose wits, & let the Muse be splaid.
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase
Of Balm, Elixar, both the India's,
Of shrine, saint, sacriledge, and such as these
Expressions common as their Mistresses.
Hence ye fantastick pottillers in song,
My text defeats your art, ties Natures tongue,
Scorns all his tinsil'd Metaphors of self,
Illustrated by nothing but his self.
As Spiders travell by their bowels spun
Into a thred, and when the race is run,
Wind up their journey in a living clew,
So is it with my Poetry and you.
From your own essence must I first untwine,
Then twist again each Panegerick line.
Reach then a soaring quill, that I may write,
As with a *Jacobs* staff to take the height.
Suppose an Angel darting through the air,
Should there encounter a religious prayer
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense

Into

Into a body. Let me crack a string
In venturing higher; were the note I sing,
Above heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,
And with a deep-mouth *Gammut* sound agen
From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
Nor find an Epithite to set it forth,
Metals may blazon common beauties; She
Makes pearl and planets humble herauldry.
As then a purer substance is defin'd,
But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
Ask what a spirit is, you'l hear them cry
It hath no matter, no mortality:
So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
Onely I say she's not as others are:
For what perfection we to others grant,
It is her sole perfection to want.
All other forms seem in respect of thee
The Almanacks mishap'd Anatomie,
Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck & throat;
The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:
A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
Their name-sak'd signs in their strange character.
As the Philosophers to every sence
Marry it's object, yet with some dispence,
And grant them a Poligamy with all,
And these their common sensibles they call:
So is't with her, who stinted unto none,
Unites all Sences in each action.
The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
Is both to hear and feel, to tast and smell.

For

For can you want a palace in your eyes,
When each of his contains a double prize,
Venus his apple? can the eyes want nose,
When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant Rose?
Or can the sight be deaf if she but speak,
A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel,
Which spares the bodies sheath, & melts the steel?
Thy Soul must needs confesse or grant thy sences
Corrupted with the objects excellence.
Sweet Magick, which can make five sences lie
Conjur'd within the circle of an eye.
In whom, since all the five are intermixt,
Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his fixt!
Thou man of mouth, that canst not name a She
Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidie,
Whose language is a Tax, whose Muskcat verse
Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
Fitter than *Celia*'s looks, who in a trice
Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
And with Divines hunt with so cold a scent,
Can in her bosome find it resident.
Now come aloft, come, come and beath a vein,
And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
Say the Astrologer, who spels the stars,
In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
Interprets heavens Phisiognomy.
Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,
And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex

Phy-

Physicians: call her the *Square* circle, say
She is the very rule of *Algebra*:
What e're you undertake not, say't of her,
For that's the way to write her Character.
Say this and more, & when thou hop'st to raise
Thy fancy so as to inclose her praise,
Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,
Hyperbolies are here but sacriledge.
Then rouz up Muse, what thou hast reveal'd out,
Some comments clear not, but Increase the doubt.
She that affords poor morrals not a glance
Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:
She that commits a rape on every sence,
whose breath can countermand a pestilence;
She that can strike the best invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head:
She, she it is, she that contains all blisse,
And makes the world but her Periphrasis.

Upon

UPON
Sir THOMAS MARTIN
Who ſubſcribed a Warrant thus, *We the Knights and Gentlemen of the Committee*, &c. When there was no Knight but himſelf.

HAng out a flag, and gather pence a piece
(Which *Africk* never bred nor ſwelling
With ſtories Timpany) a beaſt ſo rare (*Greece*
No *Lectures* wrought cap, nor *Bartholmew* fair
Can match him; natures whimſey, one that out-
Tredeskin and his ark of noveſties. (vies
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious ſights,
With reverence to your eies, Sir *Thomas Knights*
But is this Bigamy of titles due?
Are you Sir *Thomas* and Sir *Martin* too?
Iſachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of panniers.
Thou that look'ſt wrapt up in thy warlike ſea-
Like *Valentine* & *Orſon* bound together. (ther,
Spurs repreſentative! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthur's Table*:
Who in this ſacrilegious maſſe of all,
It ſeems ha's ſwallowed *Windſors* Hoſpital.
Pair-royal headed *Cerberus* his Cozen:
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen.
Had he but trumpt on thee, whoſe forked neck
Might wel have anſwered at the Font for *Smeck*,

But

But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie?
Metal on metal is false Heraldry.
And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin*'s coat
Shines in exception to the Heralds vote.
Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
Their actions, though eccentrick, state the cause
And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cæsar* thus
Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high;
Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double Dy?
Fond man! whose fate is in his name betrai'd,
It is the setting Sun doubles his shade;
But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free

On the Memory of Mr. EDWARD KING, *drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
His artificial grief who scans his eyes,
Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
I am no poet here, my pen's the spout
Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
Thus copied out in griefs Hydrography;
The Muses are not Mair-maids, though upon
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*. (on't
The Seas too rough for verse; who rhimes up-
With *Xerxes* strives to fetter th' *Hellespont*.
My tears will keep no channel know no laws
To guide the streams; but (like the waves their
cause) Run

Run with diſturbance till they ſwallow me
As a deſcription of his miſery.
But can his ſpacious virtue find a grave
Within th' impoſthum'd bubble of a wave?
Whoſe learning if we ſound, we muſt confeſſe,
The Sea but ſhallow, and him bottomleſſe.
Could not the winds to countermand thy death
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy breath?
Or ſome new Iſland in thy reſcue peep
To heave thy reſurrection from the deep?
That ſo the world might ſee thy ſafety wrought,
With no leſſe wonder then thy ſelf was thought.
The famous *Stagarite*, who in his life
Had nature as familiar as his wife,
Bequeath'd his Widow to ſurvive with thee,
Queen Dowager of all Philoſophy:
An ominous Legacy that did portend
Thy Fate and Predeceſſors ſecond end:
Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
The Sea can parallel in ſhape and kind:
Books, Arts and Tongues were wanting, but in
Neptune hath got an Univerſity. (thee
Wee'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to ſee
Thy ſacred Reliques of mortality
Shall welcome ſtorms, & make the ſea-men prize
His ſhipwrack now more than his merchandize,
He ſhall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe
As to a Royaller Exchange ſhall come.
What can we now expect? water and fire,
Both elements our ruine do conſpire:

And that dissolves us which doth us compound,
One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.
VVe of the Gown our Libraries must tosse
To understand the greatnesse of our losse,
Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow
In learning as our sorrows overflow.
When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
Wee'l issu't forth, and vent such Elegies,
As that our tears shall seem the Irish Seas
We floating Islands living *Hebrides*.

On the same.

TEll me no more of *Stoicks*: canst thou tell
VVho 'twas that when the waves began to swell,
The Ship to sink, sad passengers to call,
[Master we perish] slept secure of all?
Remember this, and him that waking kept,
A mind as constant as he did that slept.
Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love,
That went to Heaven, and to those flames above
Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? since I heard
Who 'twas that on his knees the Vessel steer'd
With hands bolt up to Heaven, since I see
As yet no sign of his mortality;
Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone
The self-same journey in a watry one.

Upon

Upon an HERMAPHRODITE.

SIr, or Madam, chuſe you whether,
Nature twiſt'd you both together;
And makes thy ſoul two garbs confeſſe,
Both petticoat and breeches dreſſe.
Thus we chaſtiſe the God of wine,
With water that is feminine,
Untill the cooler Nymph abate
His wrath, and ſo concorporate.
Adam till his rib was loſt,
Had both Sexes thus ingroſt,
When Providence our Sire did cleave,
And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,
To make his body up compleat.
Thus Matrimony ſpeaks but *Thee*
In a grave ſolemnity;
For man and wife make but one right,
Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.
Ravel thy body, and I find
In every limb a double kind
Who would not think that head a pair
That breeds ſuch factions in the hair?
One half ſo churliſh in the touch,
That rather than endure ſo much,
It would my tender limbs apparrel
In *Regulus* his nailed barrel:

But the other half ſo ſmall,
And ſo amorous withall,
That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
A ſtring for his invis'ble bow,
VVhen I look babies in thine eyes,
Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
And though thy beauty be high noon,
Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon:
How many melting kiſſes skip
'Twixt thy Male and Female lip,
'Twixt thy upper bruſh of hair
And thy neither beards deſpair?
When thou ſpeak'ſt, I would not wrong
Thy ſweetneſſe with a double tongue:
But in every ſingle ſound
A perfect Dialogue is found?
Thy breaſts diſtinguiſh one another?
This the Siſter, that the Brother.
When thou joyn'ſt hands my ear ſtill fancies,
The Nuptial ſound, I *John* take *Frances*:
Feel but the difference, ſoft and rough,
This is a Gantlet, that a Muff:
Had ſly *Ulyſſes* at the ſack
Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlars pack,
And weapons too to know *Achilles*
From King *Nichomedes Phillis*,
His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
The needle that the warlike ſteel,
VVhen muſick doth thy pace advance,
Thy right leg takes the left to dance,

Nor

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
But a mixt dance, though alone:
Thus every heteroclite part
Changes gender, not the heart.
Nay, those which Modesty can mean,
And dare not speak are Epicœne;
That gamster needs must overcome,
That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.
Thus did Natures mintage vary,
Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authors HERMAPHRODITE.

Made after Mr. Randolph's *death, yet inserted into his* POEMS.

PRobleme of Sexes! must thou likewise be
As disputable in thy pedigree?
Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries
To throw lesse then Aums ace upon two Dice:
VVert thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
To split thy Sire into a double father?
True, the worlds scales are even: what the main
In one gets place, another quits again.
Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must:
Slice one in two to keep her number just:

Plurality of livings is thy ſtate,
And therefore mine muſt be impropriate.
For, ſince the child is mine, and yet the claim
Is intercepted by anothers name,
Never did Steeple carry double truer,
His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
Then ſay my Muſe(and without more diſpute)
Who, 'tis that fame doth ſuper-inſtitute,
The *Theban* Wittal when he once deſcries,
Jove in his rivall, falls to ſacrifice:
That name hath tipt his horn: ſee on his knees
A health to *Hans en Kelder* Hercules.
Nay ſublunary cuckolds are content
To entertain their fate with complement;
And ſhal not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daign
To quarter with his Muſe both arms & brains;
Grammercy Goſſip, I rejoyce to ſee
Shee'th got a leap of ſuch a Barbary.
Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets creſt;
For ſince the Muſes left their former neſt,
To ſound a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
Cuckold *Parnaſſus* is a forked hill.
But ſtay, I've wak't his duſt, his Marble ſtirs,
And brings the worms for his compurgators.
Can Ghoſts have natural ſons? ſay *Ogg*, is't meet,
Pennance bear date after the winding ſheet?
VVere it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
May ſeem to prove being there's two combin'd)
It would diſclaim my right, and that it were
The lawful iſſue of his aſhes, ſwear.

But was he dead? did not his ſoul tranſlate
Her ſelf into a ſhop of leſſer rate?
Or break up houſe, like an expenſive Lord
That gives his purſe a fob, and lives at board?
Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp, (imp:
And ſtill there's hopes't may prove his baſtard
But I'm profane; For grant the world had one,
VVith whom he might contract an union,
They two were one, yet like an Eagle ſpread,
I'th'Body joyn'd, but parted in the Head (Chair
For you my brat, that poſe the Porph'ry
Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatſoere you are,
You are a Nephew, grieve not at your ſtate,
For all the world is illegitimate.
Man cannot get a man, unleſſe the Sun
Club to the act of generation.
The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
Are the joynt Fathers of the Poetry. (mine
For ſince (bleſt ſhade) this Verſe is male, but
O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy Feminine;
VVee'l part the child, & yet commit no ſlaughter
So ſhall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter,

To the Hectors, *upon the unfortunate death of* H. Compton.

YOu Hectors! tame profeſſors of the Sword!
VVho in the chair ſtate Duels, whoſe black
word.

Bewitches courage, and like Devils too (do.
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight and
Who on your errand our beſt Spirits ſend,
Not to kill Swine or Cowes, but man and friend;
Who are an whole Court Martial in your drink
And diſpute Honour, when you cannot think
Not orderly but part out valour, as
You grow inſpir'd by th' oracle of the Glaſſe:
Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
All Law of kings and God, but what's their own.
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can diſcern
Spirits, who's fit to act and who to learn,
Who ſhall be baffled next, who muſt be beat,
Who kill'd, that you may drink, & ſwear and eat:
Whilſt you applaud thoſe murthers wth you teach
And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.
Mere booty ſouls! who bid us fight a prize
To feaſt the laughter of our enemies? (gain,
Who ſhout, and clap at wounds, count it pure
Mere providence to hear a *Compton's* ſlain
A name they dearly hate, & juſtly ſhould (bloud
They lov't'twer worſe their love would taint the
Bloud alwayes true true as their ſwords & cauſe,
And never vainly loſt, till your wild Laws
Scandall'd their actions in this perſon, who
Truly durſt more than you dare think to do.
A man made up of graces, every Move
Had entertainment in it, and drew Love (grave
From all but him who kill'd him, who ſeeks a
And fears a Death more ſhamefull than he gave.

Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant drink
Drags thrice about the Town; what doe you think?
(If you be ſober) Is it valour? ſay!
To overcome, and then to run away.
Fie, fie, your luſts and Duels both are one,
Both are repented of as ſoon as done.

Square Cap:

COme hither *Apollo's* bouncing girle,
And in a whole *Hippocreme* of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirle,
Tuning our pipes to make our ſelves merry;
A Cambridge-Laſſe, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
Of an old half fill'd Jug of barly broth;
She ſhe's my Miſtreſſe, her ſuiters are many,
But ſhee'l have a *Square-cap* if ere ſhe have any.
(comes,
And firſt, for the Pluſh ſake the *Monmouth-cap*
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
With his new fangled oath by *Jupiters thumbs*,
That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
He tels her that after the death of his Grannam
He ſhall have God knows what *per annum*:
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Then

Thin Calot *Leather-cap* ſtrongly pleads (on
And fain would derive the pedigree of faſhi
The *Antipodes* wear thir ſhoes on their heads,
And why may not we in their imitation?
Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would pleaſe,
If it were but well toſs'd on S. *Thomas* his Lees.
But ſtill ſhe repli'd, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,
With a long waſted conſcience towards a Si
And making a chapple of eaſe of her lap. (ſter
Firſt he ſaid grace, and then he kiſt her.
Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,
Then falls he to Uſe and Application next:
But then ſhe replied, your Text(Sir) I'le be,
For then I'me ſure you'l ne'r handle me.

But ſee where *Satton-cap* ſcouts about, (marry
And fain would this wench in his fellowſhip
He told her how ſuch a man, was not put out,
Becauſe his wedding he cloſely did carry,
Hee'l purchaſe induction by Simony,
And offers her money her incumbent to me.
But ſtill ſhe replied, good Sir La-be,
If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophiſter by his *Round-cap*,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;

The

The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have brided.
Come leav these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
And give me livery and seisin of thee;
But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your Orati-on,
For I never will be your Impropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir La-be:
For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in a *Morning before* Sun-rising.

THe sluggish morn as yet undrest,
My *Phillis* brake from out her East,
As if shee'd made a match to run
With *Venus*, Usher to the Sun.
The trees, (like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Bank'd on each side with loyal duty,)
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopt,
Or age with crutches underpropt,
(Whose wooden carkases are grown
To be but coffins of their own,)
Revive, and at her general dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Matins: and the Fan

Of

Of whiſtling winds, like Organs, plaid
Unto their Voluntaries, made
The wak'ned earth in odours riſe
To be her morning Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds,
Start and raiſe up their drowſie heads,
And he that for their colour ſeeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where Roſes mix no civil war
Between her *York* and *Lancaſter*.
The Marigold, whoſe Courtiers face,
Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
Her at his riſe, at his full ſlop
Packs, and ſhuts up her gaudy ſhop;
Miſtakes her kue and doth diſplay;
Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.
  Theſe Miracles had crampt the Sun,
Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,
Powders with light his friz'led locks,
To ſee what Saints his luſtre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
Dapling the walk with light and ſhade,
(Like lattice-windows) give the ſpye
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Leſt her full Orb his ſight ſhould dim,
And bid us all good night in him,
Till ſhe would ſpend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-faſhion'd day.
  But what religious palſie's this,
Which makes the boughs diveſt their bliſſe?

And

And that they might her footſteps ſtraw
Drop their leaves with ſhivering awe,
Phillis perceives, (and leſt her ſtay
Should wed *October* unto *May*;
And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
Devotion might an Autumn bring)
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon a MISER that made a great feaſt, *and the next day died for grief.*

NOr ſcapes he ſo: our dinner was ſo good,
My liquoriſh Muſe cannot but chew the cud;
And what delight ſhee took in th' invitation,
Strives to caſt o're again in this relation.
After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhime,
Not for devotion, but to take up time;
March'd the traine band of diſhes uſher'd there
To ſhew their poſtures, and then *as* they were.
For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
He will afford the lovers gluttony;
This is a feaſt, a Muſter, not a Fight,
Our weapons not for ſervice but for ſight,
But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?
Th' Aſtrologers keep ſuch *Houſes* when they ſup
On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tup.

What

Whatever feasts be made are summ'd up here,
His table vyes not standing with his chear.
His Churchings, Christ'nings, in this meal are all;
And not transcrib'd, but in th Original.
Christmas is no feast moveable; for lo!
The self-same dinner was ten years ago;
'Twill be immortal, if it longer stay,
The gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.
But stay a while, unlesse my whinyard fail,
Or is inchanted. I'le cut off th' intail. (ton,
Saint George for England then, have at the Mut-
When the first cut call's me bloud-thirsty glut-
What *Ajax*, with his anger-quod'l'd brain (ton:
Killing a sheep thought *Agamemnon* slain,
The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his rost,
I lamentably butcher up mine host:
Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon
Cut a Goose leg, and the poor soul for moan
Turns cripple too, and after stands on one.
Have you not heard the abominable sport,
A *Lancaster* Grand-jury will report?
The souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill,
The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charm
Proves the next day such an old womans arm:
'Tis so with him, whose carcase never scapes,
But still we slash them in a thousand shapes:
Our serving-men, like Spaniels range, to spring
The fowl when he hath clockt under her wing.

Should

Should he on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed,
It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.
To Pork he pleads a superstition due,
But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
Sauces we should have none, had he his wish;
The Oranges i'th' margent of the dish,
He with such Hucsters tell's them o're and o're;
Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more!
But being eaten now into despair,
Having nought else to do, he falls to pray'r.
As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,
And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
Defend my Rump great *Jove*, grant this poor (beef
May live to comfort me in all my grief.
But no *Amen* was said. See, see! it comes;
Drawboys, let trumpets sound, & strike up drums.
See how his bloud doth with the gravy swim,
And every trencher has a limb of him. (deeper,
The Venson's now in view, our hounds spend
Strange Deer, which in the Pasty hath a keeper
Stricter than in the Park, making his guest
(As he hath stoln't alive) to steal it drest!
The scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
Then *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chac't their Ma-
A double prey at once may seiz upon (ster.
Actæon and his Case of Venison:
Thus was he torn alive. To vex him worse.
Death serves him up now as a second course.
Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat
He would have liv'd onely to save his meat.

A

A Young Man to an Old Woman *Courting him.*

PEace Beldam *Eve*, surcease thy suit;
There's no temptation in such fruit.
No rotten Medlers, whilst there be
Whole Orchards in Virginity!
Thy stock is too much out of date
For tender plants t' inoculate.
A match with thee thy bridegroom fears
Would be thought interest in his years.
Which when compar'd to thine, become
Odde money to thy Grandam summe.
Can Wedlock know so great a curse
As putting Husbands out to Nurse?
How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
And cry new Almanacks for our sake?
Time sure hath wheel'd about this year,
December meeting *Januveer*.
Th' Ægyptian Serpent figures time,
And stript, returns unto his prime.
If my affection thou would'st win,
First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
My modern lips know not (alack)
The old Religion of thy smack;
I count that primitive embrace,
As out of fashion as thy face.
And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
Thy fornication's classicall.

Our

Our ſports will differ, thou may'ſt play
Leero, and I *Alphonſo* way.
I'm no tranſlator, have no vein
To turn a woman young again:
Unleſſe you'l grant the Taylors due,
To ſee the fore-bodies be new:
I love to wear cloths that are fluſh,
Not prefacing old rags with pluſh:
Like Aldermen, or Mortier-Sheriffs,
With canvas backs, and velvet ſleeves.
And juſt ſuch diſcord there would be
Betwixt the Skeleton and me.
Go ſtudy ſalve and treacle, ply
Your tenants leg, or his ſore eye;
Thus Matrons purchaſe credit, thank
Six Penny-worth of Mountebank.
Or chew thy cud on ſome delight
Thou takeſt in thy *Eighty Eight*.
Or be but bed-rid once, and then
Thou'lt dream thy youthfull ſins agen:
But if thou needs wilt be my Spouſe,
Firſt hearken and attend my vows.
When Ætna's fires ſhall undergo
The penance of the Alps in ſnow:
When Sol *at one blaſt of his horn*
Poſts from the Crab *to* Capricorn:
When th' heavens ſhall ſhuffle all in one,
The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
When all theſe contradictions meet,
Then (Sibyl) *thou and I will greet.*

For all theſe ſimiles do hold
In my young heat and thy dull cold;
Then if a Feaver be ſo good
A Pimp as to inflame thy blood,
Hymen ſhall twiſt thee and thy page,
The diſtinct Tropick of mans age.
Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
I'le not thy Perywig be call'd.
I'le never be ſtead of a lover,
An aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. *K. T.* vvho askt him vvhy *he vvas Dumb.*

STay! ſhould I anſwer (Lady) then
In vain would be your queſtion.
Should I be dumb, why then again
Your asking me would be in vain.
Silence nor ſpeech (on neither hand)
Can ſatisfie this ſtrange demand.
Yet ſince your will throws me upon
This wiſhed contradiction,
I'le tell you how I did become
So ſtrangely (as you hear me) dumb,
Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man;
For heat of conſcience all men hold,
Is th' onely way to catch their cold:

How

How ſhould loves zealot then forbear
To be your ſilenc't Miniſter?
Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
A worſhip due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.
My ruder words would give offence
To ſuch an hallow'd excellence:
As th' Engliſh dialect would vary
The goodneſſe of an *Ave Mary*.
How can I ſpeak, that twice am check't
By this and that religious Sect?
Still dumb, and in your face I ſpie
Still cauſe, and ſtill Divinity!
As ſoon as bleſt with your ſalute,
My manners taught me to be mute;
For, leſt they cancel all the bliſſe,
You ſign'd with ſo divine a kiſſe,
The lips you ſeal muſt needs conſent
Unto the tongues impriſonment.
My tongue in hold, my voice doth riſe
With a ſtrange *Ela* to my eyes,
Where it gets hail, and in that ſenſe
Begins a new-found Eloquence:
Oh! liſten with attentive ſight
To what my pratling eyes endite;
Or (Lady) ſince 'tis in your choice,
To give, or to ſuſpend my voice,
With the ſame key ſet ope the door
Wherewith you lockt it faſt before;

Kisse once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty,
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbnesse now confines,
But means to speak the rest by signes.

A Fair Nymph scorning a black Boy *Courting her.*

Nymph. STand off, and let me take the air,
Why should the smoke pursue the fair?

Boy. My face is smoke, thence may be gues's't,
What flames within have scorch'd my breast.

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,
Surer than yours that's of white paper.
Whatever midnight hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
If thou should interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (Sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy for me a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
I'le throw my Mask off when I kisse.

Boy.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight,
To chequer limbs with black and white.
Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guesse,
Our Nuptial bed will make a presse,
And in our sports if any came,
They'l read a wanton Epigram.
Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?
Let thy dark shop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'le strive to wash it off with tears (needs
Nymph. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must
Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
Tears can no more affection win,
Than wash the Aethiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS upon *the* &c. *in the* OATH.

Sir *Roger*, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;
Whose yearly Audit may, by strict account,
To twenty Nobles, and his vails Amount;
Fed on the common of the female charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,
So shotten, that his soul like to himself,
Walks but in *Quarto*: this same Clergy Elf,
Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgels with the Oath:

The Quarrel was, a ſtrange miſ-ſhapen Monſter
&c. (God bleſſe us!) which they conſter,
The brand upon the buttock of the Beaſt,
The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neaſt
Of young *Apocryphas*, the faſhion
Of a new mental Reſervation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other
Winks and expounds, ſaying, My pious brother,
Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I faſted twice,
And ſo by revelation know it better,
Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he ſwell'd, and fell upon the Theam,
Like great *Goliah* with his weavers beame.
I ſay to thee, *&c.* thou li'ſt,
Thou art the curled lock of Antichriſt:
Rubbiſh of *Babel*, for who will not ſay,
Tongues were confounded in *&c.*?
Who ſwears *&c.* ſwears more oaths at once
Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce:
Who views it well, with the ſame eye beholds
The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
Accurſt *&c.* thou, for now I ſcent,
What lately the prodigious Oyſters meant.
Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'ſt thou to lack
This ſign in thy prophetick Almanack?
It's the dark Vault wherein th' infernal plot
Of Powder 'gainſt the State was firſt begot.
Peruſe the Oath, and you ſhall ſoon deſcry it,
By all the Father *Garnets* that ſtand by it;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-
Shall keep another fifth day of *November*. (ber,
Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruſſe
&c. it's ſo abominous.
The *Trojan* Nag was not ſo fully lin'd!
Unrip *&c.* and you ſhall find
Og the great Commiſſary; and which is worſe,
Th' Apparatour upon his skew-bal'd horſe.
Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
&c. will be too far to ſwear;
For 'tis (to ſpeak in a familiar ſtile)
A *York-ſhire* wea-bit, longer than a mile.
Than *Roger* was inſpir'd, & by Gods-diggers,
Hee'l ſwear in words at large, and not in figures.
Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth
To leave *&c.* in his liquid Oath.
His brother pledg'd him, and that bloudy wine
He ſwears ſhall ſeal the Synods *Cataline*.
So they drunk on, not offering to part
Till they had quite ſworn out th' eleventh quart:
While all that ſaw and heard them, joyntly pray,
They and their tribe were all, *&c.*

SMECTYMNUUS; or *the* CLUB-DIVINES.

S*Mectymnuus!* the Goblin makes me ſtart!
I'th Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?

Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *Welch*? what skill?
Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babel* built!
Some Conjurer translate, and let me know it,
Till then 'tis fit for a West-saxon Poet.
But do the brother-hood then play their prize
Like Mummers in Religion with disguises?
Our brave us with a name in Rank and File,
A name, which if 'twere trained would spread a mile;
The Saints monopoly, the zealous cluster,
Which like a Porcupine presents a muster,
And shoots his quills at Bishops and their Sees,
A Devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly shown
The twelve Apostles on a cherry-stone,
Thus faction's Al-a-Mode in treasons fashion;
Now we have heresie by Complication.
Like to *Don Quixote*'s Rosary of Flaves
Strung on a chain, a Marrival of knaves
Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
Or like Colleagues, which sit all on a side:
So the vain satyrists stand all a row;
As hollow teeth upon a Lute-string show.
Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his Brother,
Natures *Diæresis*, half one another,
He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
Must both give way unto *Smectymnuus*.
Next *Sturbridge Fair* is *Smecks*; for lo his side
Into a five-fold *Lazar*'s multipli'd.
Under each arm thou'st tuckt a double gyssard.
Five faces lurk under one single vizard.

The

The whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
Heirs of confusion by *Gavelkind*.
I think *Pythagoras* soul is rambl'd hither.
With all the change of Raiment on together:
Smec is her general Ward-robe shee I not dare
To think of him as of a thorough fare;
He stops the Gossipping Dame, alone he is
The purlew of a *Metempsychosis*. (sense
Like a Scotch Mark, where the more modest
Checks the loud phrase, & shrinks to 13. pence:
Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame, (same:
Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the
Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
Into one man are monosyllabel'd.
Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,
Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.
See, see! how close the curs hunt under sheet,
As if they spent in Quire, and scann'd their feet;
One cure and five Incumbents leap a trusse:
The title sure must be litigious.
The *Sadducee* would raise a question,
Who must be *Smec* at the Resurrection.
Who coop'd them up together were to blame,
Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their
name,
'Twould make another Prentices Petition
Against the Bishops and their superstition.
Robson & *French* that count from five to five,
As far as nature fingers did contrive,
She saw they would be fellons, that's the cause
She cleft her hoof into so many claws,) May

May tire their carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
To rate *Smectymnuus* for Pole-mony.
Caligula, whose pride was mankinds bail,
(As who disdain'd to murther by retail,)
Wishing the world had but one general neck,
His glutton blade might have found game in *Smec.*
No eccho can improve the Author more
Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.
No felon is more letter'd, though the brand
Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
Some Welchman was his Godfather, for he
Wears in his name his Genealogy.
The Banns are ask'd, would but the time give (way,
Betwixt *Smectymnuus* and *Et cætera.*
The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
Should be the Convocation and the Commons;
The Priest to tie the Foxes tailes together,
Masely, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.
See, what an off-spring every one expects!
What strange pluralities of men and sects?
One sayes hee'l get a Vestery, another
Is for a Synod: But upon the mother: (stickle,
Faith! cry St. *George*, let them go to't and
Whether a Conclave or a Conventicle.
Thus might religions catterwaul, and spight
Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade,
The Groom is Rampant, but the Bride displaid.
My task is done, all my hee-Goats are milkt,
So many cards i'th stock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble,
Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
But there I leave you to another dressing,
Only kneel down and take your fathers blessing.
May the *Queen Mother* justifie your fears,
And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Assembly.

FLea-bitten Synod, an Assembly brew'd
Of Clerks and Elders, *aya*, like the rude
Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their side,
Who askt the Banns 'twixt these discolor'd mates
A strange Grotesco this, the Church and States
Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
To serve as table-men of divers hue.
She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir
By picture, when the parents both were fair,
At sight of you had born a dappled Son,
You checquering her imagination.
Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
Had brought forth speckled and ring-streaked lambs.
Like an Impropriators Motley kind,
Whose Scarlet Goat is with a Cassock lin'd.
Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.
Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)
Friers of both the Orders, *Black* and *Grey*.

So

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's
A Layre of *Burgesse* or a Layre of *Vicar*. (thicker
Have they usurp'd what Royal *Juda* had?
And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
The Scepter and the Crosier are the crutches,
Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
Will fail the Cripple state. And wer't not pity
But both should serve the yardwand of the City
That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit
Judge of ἰσάδ, and *Elegerit*. (drawn!
Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal
The Miscelany satyr, and the fawn,
And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,
But faintly represent this ridling feature,
Whose members being not tallies, they'l not own
Their fellows at their Resurrection. (story
Strange scarlet Doctours these, they'l passe in
For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory
Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
The fading fables, and the coming gules.
The flea that *Falstaff* damn'd, thus lowdly shows
Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose.
Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
This shoulder *John-a-stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,
With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either;
Like their intended Discipline to boot,
Or what soe're hath neither head nor foot:
Such may their strips-stuff hangings seem to by
Sacriledge matcht with Codpiece symony;

Be

Be ſick and dream a little, you may then
Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry men.
Forbear good *Pembrock*, be not over-daring
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwearing
And theſe Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*,
Hee that the Noble *Piercies* bloud inherits,
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot-ſpur* of the ſpirits?
Hee'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune.
With his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*:
A name ſo ſtubborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.
See! they obey the Magick of my words:
Preſto, they'r gone, and now the houſe of Lords
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg
But with three teeth like to a triple gagg.
A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fielding & doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance, (brace
Twiſſe blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving
Puts on the traces and treads cinque-a-pace.
Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple
And he and rumpled *Palmer* makes a couple.
Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder
Kimbolton that rebellious *Beaneregs*,
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*:
If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worſe,
But the fifth time of his Compurgators.
Nol Bowls is coy, good ſadneſſe cannot dance,
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*,
Like the ful Moon, hath made his Lordſhip giddy
Pym and the *Members* muſt their giblets levy,
T' incounter Madam *Smec* that ſingle Bevy.
If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A Child-birth, but a Gaol-delivery.
Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
But *Selden*, hee's a Galliard by himſelf,
And well may be, there's more Divines in him
Than in all this their Jewiſh *Sanhedrim*:
Whoſe Cannons in the forge ſhall then bear date
When Mules their Coſin-germans generate.
Thus *Moſes* Law is violated now,
The Ox and Aſſe go yok'd in the ſame plough.
Reſign thy Coach-box *Twiſs*, *Brock's* Preacher, he
Would ſort the beaſts with more conformity.
Water and earth make but one Globe, a Round-head
Is Clergy-lay, *Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings diſguiſe.

AND why a Tenant to this vile diſguiſe, (eyes
Which who but ſees, blaſphems thee with his
My twins of light within their penthouſe ſhrink
And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.
Oh! for a State-diſtinction to arraign
Charles of high Treaſon 'gainſt my Soveraign.
What an uſurper to his Prince is wont,
Cloyſter and ſhave him, he himſelf hath don't.

His

His muffled feature ſpeaks him a recluſe,
His ruines prove him a religious houſe.
The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp,
And Majeſty defac'd the Royal ſtamp.
It's not enough thy Dignitie's in thrall,
But thou'lt tranſmute it in thy ſhape and all?
As if thy blacks were of too faint a die,
VVithout the tincture of Tautology.
Flay an Ægyptian for his Caſſock skin,
Spun of his Countries darkneſſe, line't within
VVith Presbyterian budge, that drowſie trance,
The Synod-ſable, foggy ignorance:
Nor bodily, nor ghoſtly Negro could
Rough-caſt thy figure in a ſedder mould:
This Privy Chambrr of thy ſhape would be
But the cloſe mourner of thy Royalty:
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors ſpell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oyſters ſhell.
Heaven, which the Miniſter of thy perſon owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to the martyr'd Abbeys courſes doom,
Devoutly alter'd to to a Pidgeon-room:
Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Mancheſters Elves, transform'd into a ſtable.
Or if there be a prophanation higher,
Such is the Sacrilege of thine attire,
By which th'art half depos'd: thou look'ſt like one
Whoſe looks are under ſequeſtration.
Whoſe Renegado form, at the firſt glance,
Shews like the ſelf-denying Ordinance

Angel

Angel of light, and darkneſſe too, I doubt,
Inſpir'd within, and yet poſſeſs'd without:
Majeſtick twi-light in the ſtate of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charles and his Mask are of a different Mint,
A Pſalm of mercy in a miſcreant Print.
The Sun wears midnight, day is beetle-brow'd
And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud.
Oh the accurſt Stenography of Fate!
The Princely Eagle ſhrunk into a Bat.
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That ſhrinks his rays to this Apoſtaſie?
It is but ſubtle ſilm of tiffany air,
No cobweb vizard, ſuch as Ladies wear,
When they are veil'd on purpoſe to be ſeen,
Doubling their luſtre by their vanquiſh'd skreen.
Nor the falſe ſcabbard of a Princes tough
Metal, and three-pil'd darkneſs, like the ſtough
Of an impriſon'd flame: tis *Faux* in grain,
Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick Caſtle* Vo
Rang *Britains* Corſeu, ſo our light went out.
Thy viſage is not legible, the letters,
Like a Lords name writ in phantaſtick fetters:
Cloaths where a Switzer might be buried quick
Sure they would fit the body Politick.
Falſe beard enough to fit a ſtages plot,
For that's the ambuſh of their wit, God wot.
Nay all his properties ſo ſtrange appear,
Y'are not i'th' preſence, though the King b
there.

A Libel is his dreſſe, a garb uncouth,
Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
Scribling aſſaſſinate, thy lines atteſt
An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beaſt,
Whoſe wrath before 'tis ſyllabled for worſe,
Is blaſphemy unfledg'd, a callow curſe.
The Laplanders, when they would ſell a wind
Waſting to hell, bag up thy phraſe, and bind
It to thy barque, which at the voyage end
Shifts Poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.
But I'le not dub thee with a glorious ſcar,
Nor ſink thy skullar with a man of War.
The black-mouth'd *Si-quis*, and this ſlandering ſuit,
Both do alike in picture execute.
But ſince we're all call'd Papiſts, why not date
Devotion to the rags thus conſecrate?
As temples uſe to have their Porches wrought
With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
And puzling Pourtraictures, to ſhew that there
Riddles inhabited, the like is here.
But pardon Sir, ſince I preſume to be
Clerk of this Cloſet to your Majeſty;
Me thinks in this your dark myſterious dreſſe
I ſee the Goſpel coucht in parables.
At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,
And ſhews Religion in it's dusky types.
Such a Text-Royal, ſo obſcure a ſhade,
Was *Solomon* in proverbs all array'd.
Come all the brats of this expounding age,
To whom the ſpirit is in pupillage;

You that damn more then ever *Sampson* slew,
And with his engine the same jaw-bone too:
How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
Since bound up in the Bibles livery?
Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,
You that dim Jewels with your Bristol-sence;
And Characters, like Witches so torment,
Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.
Keys for this Coffer you can never get,
None but St. *Peter* ope's this Cabinet.
This Cabinet, whose aspect would be right
Critick spectators with redundant light.
A Prince most seen, is least: What Scriptures call
The Revelation, is most mystical.
Mount then thou Shadow-royal, & with haste
Advance thy morning-star, *Charles* overcast.
May thy strange journey contradictions twist
And force fair weather from a Scottish mist;
Heavens Confessor's are pos'd, those star-ey'd sages
To interpret Eclipse, thus riding stages.
Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud,
Both as a conduct to him, and a shroud.
But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
A league with mouldy bread, & clouted shooes.

The Rebel SCOT.

HOw! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
Then Madam nature wears black patches too? What?

What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
Unto a Land that truckles under us?
Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
Not all the buckets in a Country Quire
Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
To see his Country, sick of *Pim*'s disease,
By Scotch invasion to be made a prey
To such *Pyg-wiggin Myrmidons* as they? (quote
But that there's charm in verse, I would not
The name of *Scot* without an antidote,
Unless my head were red, that I might brew
Invention there that might be poison too.
Were I a drowsy Judge, whose dismal note
Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
Doth ribbands: could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)
Speak Pills in phrase, and quack distruction:
Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull,
Hell and damnation a Pulpit full:
Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
I must (like *Hocas*) swallow daggers first.
Come keen *Iambicks* with your Badgers feet,
And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,
With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches, do but whet your pen,
Scratch till the bloud come, they'l not hurt you
then.

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
The ſhapes of beaſts, like hypocrites at ſtake,
I'le bait my *Scot* ſo, yet not cheat your eyes;
A *Scot* within a beaſt is no diſguiſe.
No more let *Ireland* brag her harmleſs Natio
Foſters no Venom, ſince the *Scots* plantation:
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves agai
The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have ſhow
(Within the grate of his own breſt alone)
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingroſt
What all thoſe wild Collegiats had coſt
The honeſt high-ſhoes in their termly fees,
Firſt to the ſalvage Lawyer, next to theſe.
Nature her ſelf doth Scotchmen beaſts confeſ
Making their Countrey ſuch a wilderneſſe.
A Land that brings in queſtion and ſuſpence
Gods omni-preſence, but that *Charls* came then
But that *Montroſe* and *Crawfords* loyal band
Atton'd their ſins, and chriſtned half the Land.
Nor is it all the Nation hath theſe ſpots;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots:
As in a picture where the ſquinting paint
Shews fiend on this ſide, and on that ſide ſaint.
He that ſaw Hell in's melancholy dream,
And in the twi-light of his fancy's theam
Scar'd from his ſins repented in a fright,
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Proſelyte.
A Land, where one may pray with curſt inten
O may they never ſuffer baniſhment!

Ha

Had *Cain* bin *Scot* *God* would have chang'd his *doom*
Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home
Like Jews they ſpread, and as infection fly,
As if the Devil had Ubiquity.
Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and deſie
This or that place: Rags of Geography.
They'r Citizens o'th' world; they'r all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemical.
And yet they ramble not, to learn the mode
How to be dreſt, or how to liſp abroad;
To return knowing in the Spaniſh ſhrug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Reſembles moſt, in belly, or in beard;
(The Card by which the Mariners are ſteer'd.)
No; the *State-Errant* fight, and fight to eat; (*meat*:
Their *Oſtrich-ſtomachs* make their *ſwords* their
Nature with *Scots*, as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
Who uſe to hang their teeth upon their belt.
Yet wonder not at this their happy choiſe;
The Serpent's fatal ſtill to *Paradiſe*.
Sure *England* hath the Hemeroids, and theſe
On the North-poſture of the patient ſeize,
Like Leeches: thus they Phyſically thirſt
After our bloud, but in the cure ſhall burſt.
Let them not think to make us run o'th ſcore,
To purchaſe villanage as once before,
When an Act paſs'd to ſtroak them on the Head,
Call them good Subjects, buy them Gingerbread
Nor Gold, nor Acts of grace, 'tis Steel muſt tame
The ſtubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim

Rebels by yielding, doth like him, (or worse,
Who ſadled his own back, to ſhame his horſe.
Was it for this you left your leaner ſoil,
Thus to lard *Iſrael* with *Ægypts* ſpoil?
They are the Gospels Life-guard: but for them
The Garriſon of new *Jeruſalem*! (cauſe,
What would the Brethren do? the cauſe! the
Sack poſſets and the fundamental Laws!
Lord! what a goodly thing is want of ſhirts!
How a Scotch-ſtomack, and no meat, converts!
They wanted food, and raiment; ſo they took
Religion for their Seamſtreſſe, and their Cook.
Unmask them well; their honours and eſtate,
As well as conſcience are ſophiſticate.
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize.
A Laid & twenty pounds pronoune'd with noiſe
When conſtru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
And a good ſober two-pence, and well ſo.
Hence then yo proud Impoſtors, get you gone,
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;
You ſcandal to the ſtock of Verſe, a race
Able to bring the Gibbet in diſgrace.
Hyperbolus by ſuffering did traduce
The Oſtraciſm, and ſham'd it out of uſe.
The Indian, that heaven did forſwear,
Becauſe he heard the Spaniards were there,
Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
He would *Eraſmus*-like have hung between:
My Muſe hath done. A voider for the nonce;
I wrong the Devil ſhould I pick their bones.

That

That dish is his; for when the *Scots* decease,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.
A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Soland-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what shall the cheeks of fame,
Stretcht with the breath of learned *Lowdons* name,
Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sense,
As rich in Loyalty and Eloquence,
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate?
The devil sure, such language did atchieve,
To cheat our un-forwarned Grandam *Eve*,
As this impostour found out, to besot
Th' experienc'd *English* to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence?
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?
Or did you doubt persistance in one good,
Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sinne,
Was fit for the grand devils hammering?
Or was't ambition that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the sins you act?
The infamy this super treason brings.
Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings*;
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,
Those hold with these no competition.

Kings onely ſuffer'd then; in this doth lie
Th' Aſſaſſination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this ſin no one ſtep can be trod,
If not t'attempt depoſing of your God.
Oh were you ſo ingag'd, that we might ſee
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee
Til you were ſhriv'l'd to duſt,& your cold Land
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* ſand!
But 'tis reſerv'd, till heaven plague you worſe:
Be Objects of an Epidemick curſe.
Firſt, may your brethren, to whoſe viler ends
Your power hath bawded, ceaſe to be your friends;
And prompted by the dictate of their reaſon,
Reproach the *Traytors* though they hug the *Treaſon*.
And may their jealouſies increaſe & breed,
Till they confine your ſteps beyond the *Tweed*.
In foreign Nations may your loath'd name be
A ſtigmatizing brand of infamy;
Till forc'd by general hate, you ceaſe to rome
The world, and for a plague to live at home:
Till you reſume your poverty, and be
Reduc'd to beg where none can be ſo free
To grant; and may your ſcabby Land be all
Tranſlated to a general Hoſpitall.
Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
To give you comfort of a Summers day;
But, as a guerdon for your traitorous war,
Live cheriſh'd onely by the Northern ſtar.
No ſtranger deign to viſit your rude coaſt,
And be to all but baniſht men, as loſt. And

And such in heightning of the infliction due,
Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
But power, your lives and liberties may aw.
No Subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest, (best;
But each man strive through bloud to be the
Till, for those miseries on us you 've brought,
By your own sword our just revenge be wrought
To sum up all——let your *Religion* be,
As your *Allegiance*, mask't hypocrisie:
Until, when *Charls* shall be compos'd in dust,
Perfum'd with Epithetes of *good* and *just*;
He sav'd, incensed heaven may have forgot
T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*,
Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do
(What's easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!
Or had the Legislative knack to do it!
Or like the Doctors militant, could get
Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret!
Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes
Their own Antipodes and track the times.
Faces about, saies the *Remonstrant* spirit,
Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder,
Might be a sturgeon now, and passe by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elsings* gift (that splay-mouth'd brother)
That declares one way, and yet means another;
Could I but write asquint; then (Sir) long since,
You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince.*
I had observ'd the language of the days;
Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
With humble service, and such other Fustian,
Bells which ring backward in this great combustion
I had revil'd you, and without offence
The Literal, and *Equitable Sence* (do't
Would make it good: when all fails that will
Sure that distinction cleft the Devils foot.
This were my Dialect, would your Highness
To read me but with Hebrew spectacles; (please
Interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:
Libels are commendation when revers'd:
Just as an Optick glass contracts the sight
At one end, but when turn'd, doth multiply't
But you're inchanted, Sir, you're doubly free
From the great guns and squibbing Poetry;
Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,
Proof even 'gainst the artillery of Verses. (Mail;
Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your
If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
At that known Leaguer where the bonny *Besses*,
Suppli'd the bowstrings wth their twisted tresses,
your spels could ne'r have fenc'd you ev'ry arrow
Had lanc'd your noble breast, & drunk the marrow
For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
And yet the silent hypocrite destroys. Then

Then uſe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
Leſt *Wharton* tell his Goſſips of the City,
That you kill women too; nay maids and ſuch,
Their *General* wants *Militia* to touch,
Impotent *Eſſex*, is it not a ſhame,
Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkiſh Dame*,
Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may ſhe be
Raviſh'd by *Charles*, rather then ſav'd by thee.
But why, my Muſe, like a green-ſickneſs Girl,
Feed'ſt thou on coals and dirt? a gelding Earl
Gives no more reliſh to thy female pallat,
Than to that Aſſe did once the thiſtle-ſallat.
Then quit the barren theme? and all at once
Thou and thy ſiſters, like bright *Amazons*,
Give *Rupert* an alarum. *Rupert*! one
Whoſe name is wits Superfœtation:
Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,
Unite all valour, preſent, paſt, to come.
He, who the old Philoſophy controuls,
That voted down plurality of ſouls:
He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
The wonders of their age, conſtellate here.
And as the elder ſiſter, growth and ſence
(Souls paramount themſelves) in man com-
But faculty of reaſons Queen, no more (mence
Are they to him, who were compleat before,
Ingredients of his vertue. Thread the beads
Of *Cæſars* acts, great *Pompey's*, and the *Swedes*:
And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
By which that vaſt triumvirat is ſpan'd.

Here,

Here, here is Palmistry; here you may read (bleed
How long the world shall live, and when't shall
Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
For nature rais'd him of the *Publick Faith*;
Pandora's Brother, to make up whose store,
The Gods were fain to run upon the score.
Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face,
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
Let *Isaac* and his Citts slay of the plate
That tips their Antlers for the calf of State;
Let the zeal-twanging nose that wants a ridge,
Snuffling devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
Yes, and the gossip-spoon augment the sum,
Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendome;
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
Which their self wants paies in commuting pelf
Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew (you
Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with
As he who in his Character of light
Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright
By an Eclipse so glorious; light is dim,
And a black nothing when compar'd to him.
So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* foil,
And a just Trophee to be made his spoil.
I'le pin my faith on the *Diurnals* sleeve
Hereafter, and the *Guild-hall* Creed believe; (hears
The Conquests which the Common-Council
With their wide list'ning mouth from the great
That ran away in triumph: such a foe (Peers
Can make them victors in their overthrow,

Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,
Courage ſo poiz'd with circumſpection,
That he revives the quarrel once again
Of the ſouls throne, whether in heart or brain:
And leaves it a drawn match: whoſe fervor can
Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.
His trumpet like the Angels at the laſt,
Makes the ſoul riſe by a miraculous blaſt.
'Twas the mount *Athos* carv'd in ſhape of man.
(As 'twas defind by th' *Macedonian*)
Whoſe right hand ſhould a populous Land contain
The left ſhould be a chanel to the Main(
His ſpirit might informs th' amphibious figure
Yet ſtrait-lac'd ſweare for a Dominion bigger:
The terror of whoſe name can out of ſeven
(Like *Falſtaff's* Buckram-men)make fly eleven.
Thus ſome grow rich by breaking: Vipers thus
By being ſlain, are made more numerous.
No wonder they'l confeſſe no loſſe of men,
For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.
They fear the giblets of his train, they fear
Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier*. (maker,
He that devours the ſcraps which *Lunsford*
Whoſe picture feeds upon a child in ſtakes:
Who, name but *Charles*, he comes aloft for him,
But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
'Gainſt whom th'ave ſeveral Articles in ſouſe,
Firſt, that he barks againſt the ſence oth'Houſe;
Reſolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower ſtraight,
Either to the Lions, or the Biſhops grate:

Next

Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th' tail,
But there the ſiſter-hood will be his bail,
At leaſt the Counteſſe will, *Luſt's Amſterdam*,
That lets in all religions of the game.
Thirdly, he ſmells intelligence, that's better,
And cheaper too, than *Pim*'s from his own Letter
Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder?)
For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
Laſtly, he is a Devil without doubt;
For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
And therefore ſcore up one for conjuring.
What canſt thou ſay, thou wretch? O Quarter,
I am but an inſtrument, a mere S. *Arthur*. (quarter
If I muſt hang, O let not our fates vary,
Whoſe office 'tis alike to fetch and carry.
No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous ſtir
That ſtrung the Jeſuit, will diſpatch a cur.
Were I a Devil, as the Rebel fears,
I ſee the houſe would try me by my Peers.
There *Fowler*, there! ah *Fowler*! 'it 'tis nought,
What ere the accuſers cry, they'r at a fault;
And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to ſay,
Than when the glorious *Strafford* ſtood at Bay.
Thus Labels but annext to him we ſee,
Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. *Peter*'s ſhadow heal'd; *Rupert* is ſuch, (much:
'Twould find S. *Peter*'s work, yet wound as
He gags their guns, deſeats their dire intent,
The Canons do but liſp and complement.

Sure

Sure *Jove* deſcended in a leaden ſhower
To get his *Perſeus* hence the fatal power
Of ſhot is ſtrangled: bullets thus alli'd,
Fear to commit an act of Parricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confeſs
Thou art the greater world and that the leſſe,
Scatter th' accumulative King, untruſſ,
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnuus*;
Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradiſe (and a modeſt word)
Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming ſword.
Your name can ſcare an Atheiſt to his prayers;
And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears
Old *Sybyl* charms the Tooth-ach with you: *Nurſe*
Makes you ſtill children; & the pond'rous curſe
The clowns ſalute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now* Rupert *take thee, Rogue, how doſt thou do*;
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders ſo,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earl of STRAFFORD.

HEre lies wiſe and valiant duſt,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and juſt:
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treaſon and convenience.

He

He ſpent his time here in a miſt,
A *Papiſt*, yet a *Calviniſt*,
His Prince's neareſt joy and Grief,
He had, yet wanted, all relief:
The Prop and Ruine of the State,
The peoples violent love and hate.
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd,
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies bloud, and let it lie
Speechleſſe ſtill, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thomæ* Comitis *Straffordii*, &c.

EXurge Cinis, tuumque, ſolus qui potis es, ſcribe Epitaphium
Nequit Wentworthi *non eſſe facundus vel Cinis.*
Effare Marmor: & quem capiſti comprehendere,
Malle & Exprimere.
Candidius meretur urna, quam quod rubris
Notatum eſt literis, Elogium.
Atlas *Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet laſſus:*
Secunda Orbis Britannici *intelligentia:*
Rex Politiæ, & Prorex Hiberniæ;
Straffordii *& Virtutum Comes:*
Mens Jovis, Mercurii *ingenium, & lingua* Apollinis:
Cui Anglia Hiberniam *debuit, ſeipſum* Hibernia:
Sydus Aquilonicum; quo ſub rubicunda veſpera occidente,
Nox ſimul & dies viſa eſt: dextroque oculo flevit,
Levoque lætata eſt Anglia.
Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitoſa Virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,
Quæ terris animoſa Regnis, non vicit tamen,
Sed oppreſſit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Capitum.
Merces suaris Scotici, præter pecunias.
Erubuit ut tetigit securis.
Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum nerroz fuit tam infensus Legibus,
ut priùs Legem quàm nata foret, violavit.
Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verum necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

On the Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chimically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'th' brain.
Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formal Elegies,
Not *Bushels* Wells can match a Poets eyes:
In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears
From a *Geneva* Jig up to the sphears.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funeral.
Who hath a Pencil to expresse the Saint.
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint.

There is no learning but what tears ſurround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that ſhe's increaſt to none.
Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,
Firſt ſwells into a bubble then conſumes.
The Law is dead, or caſt into a trance,
And by a Law-dough-bak'd, an Ordinance.
The *Liturgy*, whoſe doom was voted next,
Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.
Ther's nothing lives: life is, ſince he is gone,
But a Nocturnal Lucubration.
Thus have you ſeen deaths inventory read
In the ſum total—— *Canterburi's dead.*
A ſight would make a Pagan to baptize
Himſelf a Convert in his bleeding eyes,
Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beaſt of ours
(That which *Hyena* like weeps and devours,
Tears that flow brackiſh from their ſouls with
Not to repent, but pickle up their ſin.
Mean time no ſqualid grief his look defiles,
He guilds his ſadder fate with noble ſmiles.
Thus the worlds eye with reconciled ſtreame
Shines in his ſhowers as if he wept his beames.
How could ſucceſſe ſuch villanies applaud?
The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,
For Treaſons they ſhould act by Prophecy.
The Facts were done before the Laws were made
The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.

Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb,
For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
No Church-man can be innocent and high,
'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry

On *I. W.* A. B. of *York.*

SAy, my young Sophister, what think'st of this
Chimera's real, *Ergo falleris.*
The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree;
And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
Call an *Haruspex* quickly: let him get
Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet
To purifie the place, for sure the harms
This Monster will produce, transcend his charms
'Tis Natures Master-piece of error, this,
And redeems whatever she did amisse
Before, from wonder and reproach this last
Legitimateth all her by-blows past.
Loe here a general Metropolitan,
An arch-Prelatique Presbyterian,
Behold his pious Garb, Canonick face,
A zealous *Episco-Mastix* Grace; (brother
A fair blew-Aprond Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd
One Leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.
Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
And make th' Apostate once more Christian.
Proteus we cannot call him, he put on
His change of shapes by a succession;

Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
At once doth only wait upon the wind:
Theſe ſpeak him not, but if you'l name him right
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite.*
His head i'th' ſanctified mould is caſt,
Yet ſticks th' abominable Miter faſt;
He ſtill retains the *Lordſhip* and the *Grace*;
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place.
Such acts muſt needs be his, who did deviſe
By crying altars down to ſacrifice
To private malice, where you might have ſeen
His conſcience holocauſted to his ſpleen.
Unhappy Church! the Viper that did ſhare
Thy greateſt honours, helps to make thee bare;
And void of all thy dignities and ſtore;
Alas! thine own ſon proves the forreſt boar:
And like the Dam-ſtroying Cuccow he,
When the thick ſhell of his Welch pedigree,
By thy warm foſt'ring bounty did divide:
And open, ſtraight thence ſprung forth paricide
As if 'twas juſt revenge ſhould be diſpatcht
In thee, by th' Monſter wch thy ſelf hadſt hatcht.
Deſpair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,
As well as *Lincolnſhire* an antidote, (head
'Gainſt the foulſt venome he can ſpit, though's
Were chang'd from ſubtle gray to poys'nous red
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
Our party, now the curſed thing is gone;
And chaſtiſe Rebels, who nought elſe did miſſe
To fill the meaſure of their ſins, but his;

Whoſe

Whose foul imparallel'd apostasie,
Like to his sacred character shall be
Indelible, when ages then of late
More happy grown with most impartial fate,
A period to his dayes, and time shall give,
He by such Epitaphs as this shall live!

Here Yorks *great* Metropolitan *is laid,*
Who Gods Anointed *and his* Church *betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

WHen as the Nightingale chanted her Vespers,
And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground
Venus invited me in the evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement,
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green,
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,
Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:

Next on her warmer lips, which when I taſtep
My duller ſpirits made active as fire;
Then we began to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrows that knew no ſmart:
Sweet lips and ſmiles between,
Never Mark, &c.

Wanting a glaſſe to plate her amber treſſes,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm,
Gawdier than *Juno* wears whenas ſhe graces
Jove with imbraces more ſtately than warm.
Then did ſhe peep in mine
Eyes humour Chriſtaline;
I in her eyes was ſeen,
As if we one had been,
Never Mark, &c.

Myſtical Grammar of amorous glances,
Feeling of Pulſes the Phyſick of Love,
Rhetorical courtings, and Muſical dances;
Numbring of kiſſes Arithmetick prove.
Eyes like Aſtronomy,
Streight limb'd Geometry:
In her hearts ingeny
Our wits are ſharp and keen.
Never Mark Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the fair Ægyptian Queen.

The Authours Mock-Song to *Mark Anthony*.

WHen as the *Night-raven* ſung *Pluto's Matins*:
And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at an howl,
When night-wandring Witches put on their pat-
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul: (tins,
Then did the furies doom
That the Night-mare was come;
Such a miſ-ſhapen Groom
Puts down *Sir. Pomfret* clean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Firſt on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blaſt-
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire; (ed,
Unto her blewer lips, which when I taſted,
My ſpirits were duller than Dun in the mire.
But then her breath took place,
Which went an Uſhers pace,
And made way for her face;
You may gueſſe what I mean.
Never did *Incubus*
Touch ſuch a filthy Sus,
As this foul Gypſie Quean.

Like ſnakes ingendring were platted her treſſes,
Or like ſlimy ſtreaks of ropy ale;

Uglier then Envy wears, when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with adders tail.
But as soon as she spake,
I heard a harsh Mandrake:
Laugh not at my mistake,
Her head is Epicene.
Never did, &c.

Mystical Magick of conjuring wrincles,
Feeling of pulses, the Palimstry of Hags,
Scolding out belches for *Rhetorick*, twincles
With three teeth in her head like to three gags.
Rainbows about her eyes
And her nose weather-wise,
From them th' Almanack lies,
Frost, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

How the COMMENCEMENT grows new.

IT is no *Currant*-news I undertake, (make.
New teacher of the Town, I mean not to
No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend,
No new fleet, no bold fleet, no bonny fleet send,
But if you'l be pleas'd to hear but this ditty,
I'le tell you some news as true and as witty;
And how the Commencement grows new.

So

See how the Symony Doctors abound,
All crowding to throw away fourty pound;
They'l now in their wives ſtammel Petticoats
Without any need of an argument draper, (vaper
Beholding to none he neither beſeeches,
This friend for Ven'ſon, nor t'other for ſpeeches
And ſo the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
Brings up his Eaſter book to chaffer,
Nay ſome take degrees who never had ſteeple,
Whoſe means like degrees comes from places of people
They com to the fair, & at the firſt pluck
The Toll-man *Barnaby* ſtrikes 'um good luck.
And ſo, &c.

The Countrey Parſons they do not come up
On Tueſday night in their old Colledge to ſup,
Their bellies and table-books equally full,
The next Lecture dinner their notes forth to pul
How bravely the Margaret Profeſſor diſputed
The Homilies urg'd & the ſchool-men confuted
And ſo, &c.

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown
With like admiration to eat roaſted beef,
Which invention pos'd his beyond Trent-belief
Who ſhould he but hear our Organs once ſound
Could ſcarce keep his hoof from Salengers round
And ſo, &c.

The

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his satin,
To look with some judgement at him that speaks
latin,
To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths
To answer, O Lord Sir, & talk play-book oaths,
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his sack)
To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack,
And so the Commencemene grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
Besides no serious Oxford man comes,
To cry down the use of Jesting and hums.
Our ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true,
Mum Salter is sober, and *Jack Martin* too,
And so the Commencement grows new.

The Hue and Crie after *Sir John Presbyter.*

WIth hair in Characters, & Lugs in text,
With a splay mouth & a nose circumflext,
With a set ruffe of Musket-bore, that wears
Like Cartrages, or linnen Bandileers,
Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bombal vents
The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath,
Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth;

The

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,
In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*;
Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where*
Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
Each circumstance so in the hearing felt, (gelt;
That when his ears are cropt hee'l count them
The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,
A sign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump:
The *Presbyter* though charm'd against mischance
With the *Divine right* of an *Ordinance*.
If you meet any that doe thus attire 'em,
Stop them, they are the tribe of Adoniram.
What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,
To tear the *Rotchet* to such rags as these?
Episcopacy minc'd, reforming *Tweed*
Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;
Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device (*Lice.*
That's nick-name to the stuffe call'd *Lops* and
The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
The Devils foot-steps in his cloven face.
A face of several parishes and sorts,
Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inn's of Courts.
What mean these Elders else, those Kirk Dra-
Made up of *Ears* & *Ruffs* like *Duckatoons*? (goons
That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,
Those new *Exchange men* of *Religion*? (out
Sure they'r the *Antick heads*, which plac'd with-
The Church, do gape, and disembogue a spout:
Like them above the *Commons house* have been
So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then

Then, what imperious in the Biſhop ſounds,
The ſame the Scotch Executor rebounds.
This ſtating *Prelacy*, the *claſsick* rout,
That ſpake it often, e're it ſpake it out;
So by an Abbies Skeleton of late,
I heard an Ectho ſupererogate
Through imperfection, and the voice reſtore,
As if ſhe had the hiccop o're and o're.
Since they our mixt Dioceſans combine
Thus to ride double in their Diſcipline,
That Pauls *ſhall to the* Conſiſtory *call*
A Dean *and* Chapter *out of* Weavers-Hall?
Each at the Ordinance for to aſsiſt
With the five thumbs *of his* groat-changing *fiſt.*
Down Dagon-Synod *with thy motely ware,*
Whilſt we do ſwagger for the Common-Prayer,
That Dove-like Embaſſie, that wings our ſence
To heavens gate in ſhape of innocence.
Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and deſie
Theſe Demicaſters *of Divinity.*
For where Sir John *with* Jack-*of-all-trades joyns,*
His Finger's thicker than the Prelates *Loyns.*

The Antiplatonick.

FOr ſhame, thou everlaſting Woer,
Still ſaying grace, and never falling to her!
Love that's in contemplation plac't,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waſt.

Unleſs

Unleſſe your flame confeſſe it's gender,
And your Parley cauſe ſurrender,
Y'are Salamanders of a cold deſire,
That live untoucht amid the hotteſt fire.

What though ſhe be a dame of ſtone,
The Widow of *Pigmalion*;
Ashard and as relenting ſhee
As the new-cruſted *Niche*;
Or what doth more of Statue carry,
A Nunne of the Platonick Quarry?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For ſhame you pretty Female Elves,
Ceaſe for to candy up your ſelves:
No more, you ſectaries of the Game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,
As a King hunting dubs a Hart:
Loves votaries inthrall each others ſoul,
Till both of them live but upon Paroll.

Vertue's no more in Woman-kind
But the green ſickneſſe of the mind.
Philoſophy, their new delight,
A kind of Char-coal appetite:
There is no Sophiſtry prevails,
Where all-convincing love aſſails;

But

But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilful gamsters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier that man of iron
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;
That's strung with Wire, in stead of Veins,
In whose embraces you'r in chains,
Let a Magnetick girl appear,
Straight he turns *Cupids* Curiasier.
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
For all the brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
The brest-works of the firmest sex,
Come lets in affections riot,
Th' are sickly pleasures keep a Diet:
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not Eunuch't with formality:
Like an Embassadour that beds a Queen
With the nice Caution of a sword between.

An *Elegie* upon Dr. *Chaderton*, the first Master of *Emanuel* Colledge in *Cambridge*, being above an hundred Years old when he died.

Occasioned by his long-deferred FUNERAL.

PArdon (dear Saint) that we so late
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;

And with an after-shower of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise,
And o'pe the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead custome for to hear.
Upon thy head that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.
Wert thou ere young! for truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old,
There's none alive I me sure can say
They knew thee young, but alwayes gray:
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroke?
Tell me (dear Son) why didst thou die,
And leav's to write an Elegy?
We're young (alas) and know thee not,
Send up old *Abraham* and grave *Lot*,
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boyes they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.

Awake

Awake them then, and let them come;
And score thy virtues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

MARIES SPIKENARD.

SHall I presume
Without *Perfume*
My *Christ* to meet
That is *all sweet?*

No, I'le make most pleasant posies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roses*:
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *faires Bowers*,
Whose *sweetnesse* Heaven likes so well,
It *stops* each morn to take a smell.

Then I'le fetch from the *Phœnix* nest
The *richest Spices*, and the *best*,
Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea, *costly Spikenard*, in whose smell
The *sweetnesse* of *all Odours* dwell.
I'le get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure as his *alabaster skin*,
And then to him I'le *nimbly* fly
Before *one sickly minute dye*:
This *box* I'le *break*, and on *his head*,
This precious Ointment will I spread,

Till

Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair
For sweetnesse with his breath compare:
But sure the odour of his skin
Smells sweeter than the spice I bring.
Then with bended knee I'le greet
His holy and beloved feet;
I'le wash them with a weeping eye,
And then my lips shall kisse them dry;
Or for a towell he shall have
My hair, such flax as nature gave.
But if my wanton locks be bold,
And on thy sacred feet take hold,
And curl themselves about, as though
They were loth for to let thee go,
O chide them not, and bid away,
For then for grief they will grow gray.

CHRONOSTICON
Decollationis CAROLI Regis tricesimo die Januarii, secunda hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.* MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno Ianl Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
CaroLVs eXVIVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SecVte.

CHARLES---ah forbear, forbear! lest Mortals prize
His name too dearly, and Idolatrize.

His Name! Our Losse! Thrice curſed and forlo
Be that Black Night which uſher'd in this Mor

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign! —— hold
left Our-law'd Senſe
Bribe, and ſeduce tame Reaſon to diſpenſe
With thoſe Celeſtiall powers; and diſtruſt
Heav'n can behold ſuch Treaſon, & prove Ju

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'd
tremble! and (Land
View what Convulſions ſhoulder-ſhake thi
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms r
To their laſt ſtage, and Set with him their Sun

CHARLES our Dread Soveraign's murther'
at His Gate!
Fell fiends! dire Hydra's of a ſtiff-neck'd-State
Strange Body-politick! whoſe Members ſprea
And, Monſter-like, ſwell bigger then thei
HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! He! who wa
the known
King of three Realms, lies murther'd in his own
He! He! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender ſtood,
Dy'd here to re-Baptize it in his bloud.

No more, no more. Fame's Trump ſhall Eccho a
The reſt in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Grea

Great Christendome ne're pattern'd; and 'twas strange
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The blow struck Britain blind, each well-set Limb
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM. (dole
And though she yet live's, she live's but to con-
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

Religion put's on Black, sad *Loyalty*
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty
Butcher'd by such Assassinates; nay both
'Gainst *God*, 'gainst *Law*, *Allegiance*; and their *Oath*.

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! thy fatall Glory
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Sory.

AN ELEGIE

Upon King CHARLES *the First, murthered publickly by his Subjects.*

WEre not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred bloud,
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood;
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,
It leaves my *soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed*;
Where my *Faith* resting on th'*Originall*,
Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall;

So while my Faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
My reason's cast away in this *Red floud*,
Which ne're o'reflows us all: Those showers past
Made but Land-flouds, which did some vallies waste;
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land (wall
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand
That covers now our world, which cursed lies
At once with two of *Egypts* prodigies;
O're-cast with darkness, & with bloud o're-run
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out done.
Th'Inchanter led them to lesse knowne ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill*:
Which crime hath widowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Forms, left but Privation
In *Church* and *State*; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hells State of fire without light;
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
Washing their Loyal hearts from bloud so shed;
The which deserves each pore should turn an eye,
To weep out, even a bloudy *Agony*.
Let nought then pass for *Musick*, but sad cries,
For *beauty* bloudless cheeks, and bloud-shot eyes.
All colours soil but black, all odours have
Ill scent but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave*:
It notes a *Jew*, not to believe us much
The cleaner made by a religious touch
Of their *Dead Body*, whom to judge to die,
Seems the Judaicall impiety.
To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints:

But

But the truth is, He fear'd and did repine,
To be cast out, and back into the Swine:
And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends
His malice in this Act, against his ends:
For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
Out of that body, He would still torment:
Let *Christians* then use otherwise this bloud,
Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good;
Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies;
We easily may the world and death despise;
Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,
Only of all the troop, meant him no harm;
And so he look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
Weapon yet left, to guard him to his Throne;
In His great Name then may His Subjects cry
Death thou art swallowed up in Victory.
If this our losse a comfort can admit,
'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit
For his enlarged Head, since his distresse
Had greatned it, as it made that the lesse;
His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing
For him, who was become so great a *King*:
So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
They had exalted from him, not pull'd down:
And thus Gods truth by them hath rendred more
Than ene mens falshood promis'd to restore;
Which, since by death, alone he could attain,
Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain;

Death was enjoyn'd by God, to touch a part,
Might make his paſſage quick, ne'r move h
heart
Which ev'n expiring was ſo far from death,
It ſeem'd but to command away his breath.
And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
Broke, like a flaſh of lightning, through t
cloud
Of fleſh and bloud; and from the higheſt lin
Of humane vertue, paſs'd to be divine:
Nor is't much leſſe his vertues to relate,
Than the high glories of his preſent ſtate;
Since both then paſſe all Acts but of belief,
Silence may praiſe the one, the other grief.
And ſince, upon the Diamond, no leſſe
Than Diamonds, will ſerve us to impreſſe,
I'le onely wiſh that for his Elegie,
This our *Joſias* had a *Jeremie*.

AN ELEGIE.

On { *The beſt of men.* / *The meekeſt of Martyrs,* / CHARLES *the* I. &c.

DOes not the Sun call in his light; and day
Like a thin exhalation melt away?
Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to
Themſelves cloſe mourners at the Obſequie
Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Blo
Which th'Earth late drunk in ſo profuſe a flo

N

Not ſhoot through her affrightned womb, and
All her convulſed Arteries to ſhake (make
So long, till all thoſe hinges that ſuſtain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature ſhrink again
Into a ſhuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not ſuck it from its liquid Manſion,
And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themſelves in bearded Meteors diſplay,
Whoſe ſhaggy and diſheveld Beams may be
The tapers at this black ſolemnitie?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurſt,
Rock'd by ſome ſtorm, or by ſome Tigreſs nurſt
Fed by ſome Plague, which in blind miſts was
To ſtrew infection on the tainted World (hurld
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed?
And Rocks by inſtinct to reſent this Fact,
They'ld into Springs of eaſie tears be ſlack'd.
Say ſons of tumult, ſince you think it good,
Still to keep up the Trade, and Bath in Bloud
Your guilty hands, why did you then not ſtate
Your Slaughters at ſome cheap & common rate?
Your Gluttonous and laviſh Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thouſands of ſome baſe allay,
Whilſt the ſame Sexton that inter'd their clay,
In the ſame Urn their names too might intomb
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow to Nature, ſince even all
The ſtock of man now bleeds too in his fall.

Could not Religion which you oft have made
A ſpecious gloſſe your black deſigns to ſhade,
Teach you, that we come neareſt Heaven when
Are ſupplied into acts of Clemency? (we
And coppie out the Deity agen,
When we diſtil our mercies upon men?
But why do I deplore this ruine? He
Onely ſhook off his frail Humanity,
And with ſuch calmneſſe fell, he ſeem'd to be,
Even leſſe unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;
And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to ſay,
We onely died, he only liv'd that Day:
So that his Tomb is now his Throne becone
T'inveſt him with the Crown of Martyrdome;
And death the ſhade of nature did not ſhrowd
His Soul in Miſts, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian ſhone
In Heaven might ſhine a Conſtellation.

Upon the Death of CHARLES the Firſt.

GReat! Good! and Juſt! could I but rate
My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtraip,
As it ſhould Deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands ſupplies,
More from *Brireus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,

I'le

I'le sing thy Obsequies, with Trumpet sounds
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

MONTROSE.

Written with the point of his sword.

ADDITIONS.

The Publick Faith.

STand off my Masters: 'Tis your pence a piece,
Jason, *Medea*, and the golden Fleece;
What side the line good Sir? *Tigris*, or *Po*?
Lybia? *Japan*? *Whitk*? or *Tradinktido*?
St. Kits? *St. Omer*? or *St. Margaret's* Bay?
Presto be gon? or come aloft? what way?
Doublets? or Knap? the Cog? low Dice? or high?
By all the hard names in the Letany,
Bell, book and candle, and the *Pope's* great toe
I conjure thy account: Devil say no.
Nay since I must untrusse, gallants look to't,
Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,
This is that *Beast of eyes* in th' *Revelations*,
The *Basilisk* has twisted up three Nations.

Pon-

Ponteus Hixius doxius, full of tricks,
The *Lottery* of the vulgar lunaticks.
The *Knapſack* of the State, the thing you wiſh,
Magog and *Gog* ſtew'd in a Chaffendiſh.
A bag of ſpoons and whiſtles, wherein men
May whiſtle when they ſee their Plate agen.
Thus far his Infancy: His riper age
Requires a more miſterious folio page.
Now that time ſpeaks him perfect, and 'tis pity
To dandle him longer in a cloſe Committee,
The elf dares peep abroad, the pretty fool
Can wag without a truckling ſtanding-ſtool;
Revenge his Mother's infamy, and ſwear
Hee's the fair off-ſpring of one halfe-ſcore year?
The Heir of the Houſe and hopes, the cry
And wonder of the Peoples miſery.
'Tis true, while as a Puppie it could play
For Thimbles, any thing to paſſe the day;
But now the Cub can count, arithmatize,
Clinck *Maſenello* with the *Duke* of *Guiſe*;
Sign for an *Iriſh purchaſe*, and traduce
The *Synod* from their Doctrine to their Uſe;
Give its Dam ſuck, and a hidden way
Drink up arrears *à tergo mantica*.
An everlaſting Bale, Hell in Trunk-hoſe,
Uncaſed, the Divel's *Don Quixot* in proſe.
The Beaſt & the falſe Prophet twin'd together,
The ſquint-eyed emblem of all ſorts of weather.

The

The refuſe of that Chaos of the earth,
Able to give the world a ſecond birth.
Africk avaunt! Thy trifling monſters glance
But Sheeps-eyed to this Penal Ignorance.
That all the prodigies brought forth before
Are but Dame Natures bluſh left on the ſcore.
This ſtrings the Bakers dozen, chriſtens all
The croſſe-leg'd hours of time ſince *Adam*'s fall.
The publick faith? why 'tis a word of kin,
A Nephew that dares *Cozen* any ſin.
A term of Art, great *Behemoth*'s younger Brother,
Old *Machiavel*, and half a thouſand other.
Which when ſubſcrib'd writes *Legion*, names on Truſſe,
Abaddon, *Belzebub*, and *Incubus*,
All the *Vice-Royes* of darkneſſe, every ſpell
And Fiend wrap'd in a ſhort Triſſyllable.
But I fore-ſtall the ſhow. Enter and ſee,
Salute the Door, your *Exit* ſhall be free
In brief 'tis call'd Religions eaſe, or loſſe,
For no one's ſufferd here to bear his croſſe.

A Lenten Letany.

Compoſed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit and edification of the faithfull Ones.

FRom villany dreſt in the doublet of zeal,
From three Kingdomes bak'd in one common weal,
From a gleek of *Lord Keepers* of one poor Seal
Libera nos, &c.

From a Chancery-writ, and a whip, and a bell,
From a Juſtice of Peace that never could ſpell,
From *Colonel* P. and the *Vicar of Hell*
Libera nos, &c.

From Neat's feet without ſocks and three-penny Pyes,
From a new ſprung light that will put out ones eyes,
From Goldſmiths Hall, the Devil and Exciſe
Libera nos, &c.

From two hours talk withoutone word of ſenſ,
From liberty ſtill in the future tenſ,
From a Parliament long-waſted conſcience,
Libera nos, &c

From

From a Coppid crown-Tenent prick'd up by a Brother,
From damnable members and fits of the Mother,
From eares like Oysters that grinne at each other,

Libera nos, &c.

From a Preacher in buffe, and a quarter-staffe-steeple,
From th' unlimited soveraign power of the People,
From a Kingdome that crawls on its knees like a Creeple,

Libera nos, &c.

From a vinegar Priest on a Crab-tree stock,
From a soddering of prayer four hours by the Clock,
From a holy Sister with a pitifull Smock.

Libera nos, &c.

From a hunger-starv'd Sequestrators maw,
From Revelations and Visions that never man saw,
From Religion without either Gospel or Law

Libera nos, &c.

From

From the Nick and Froth of a penny pot-house,
From the Fidle and Crosse, and a great Scotch Louse,
From Committees that chop up a man like a Mouse.

Libera nos, &c.

From broken shins and the bloud of a Martyr,
From the titles of Lords and Knights of the Garter,
From the teeth of Mad-dogs and a Countreymans quarter.

Libera nos, &c.

From the Publick Faith, and an egge and butter,
From the Irish purchases and all their clutter,
From *Omega*'s nose, when he settles to sputter.

Libera nos, &c.

From the zeal of old *Harry* lock't up with a Whore,
From waiting with plaints at the Parliament dore,
From the death of a King without why or wherefore,

Libera nos, &c.

From

From the French diſeaſe and the Puritan fry,
From ſuch as nere ſwear but devoutly can lye,
From cutting of capers full three ſtory high,
Libera nos, &c.

From painted glaſſe and Idolatrous cringes,
From a *Preſbyters* Oath that turns upon hinges
From *Weſtminſter Jews* with Levitical fringes,
Libera nos, &c.

From all that is ſaid, and a thouſand times more,
From a Saint and his charity to the Poor,
From the plagues that are kept for a Rebel in ſtore.
Libera nos, &c.

The Second Part.

THat if it pleaſe thee to aſſiſt
Our *Agitators* and their liſt,
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twiſt,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to ſuppoſe
Our actions are as good as thoſe
That gull the people through the noſe,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That

That it may pleaſe thee here to enter
And fix the rumbling of our centre,
For we live all at peradventure,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to unite
The fleſh and bones unto the ſprite,
Elſe faith and literature good night.
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee O that wee
May each man know his Pedigree,
And ſave that plague of Heraldry,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee in each Shire,
Cities of refuge Lord to rear
That failing Brethren may know where,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to abhor us,
Or any ſuch dear favour for us
That thus have wrought thy peoples ſorrows,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to embrace
Our dayes of thanks and faſting face,
For robbing of thy holy place.
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may pleaſe thee to adjourn
The day of judgement, leaſt we burn,
For lo! it is not for our turn,
Quæſumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to admit
A close Committee there to sit,
No devil to a humane wit!

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to dispence
A little for convenience,
Or let us play upon the sense,

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee to embalm
The Saints in *Robin Wisdom's Psalm*,
And make them musical and calm.

Quæsumus te, &c.

That it may please thee since 'tis doubt
Satan cannot throw Satan out,
Unite us and the Highland rout.

Quæsumus te, &c.

A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.

WHen Temples lye like batter'd Quarrs,
Rich in their ruin'd Sepulchers,
When Saints forsake their painted glasse
To meet their worship as they passe,
When Altars grow luxurious with the dye
Of humane bloud,
Is this the flood
Of Christianity?

When Kings are cup-boarded like cheese,
Sights to be seen for pence a piece,
When Diadems like brokers tire
Are custom'd reliques set to hire,
When Soveraignty and Scepters loose their
Stream'd into words (names
Carv'd out by swords
Are these refining flames?

When subjects and Religion stir
Like Meteors in the Metaphor,
When zealous hinting and the yawn
Excize our *Miniver* and *Lawn*,
When blew digressions fill the troubled ayre
And th' Pulpit's let
To every Set
That will usurp the chair?

Call ye me this the night's farewell!
When our noon day's as dark as Hell?
How can we lesse than term such lights
Eccleſiaſtick Heteroclites?
Bold sons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl
Thus high to bee
Perch'd on the tree,
Remember but the fall.

Was it the glory of a King
To make him great by suffering?
Was there no way to build Gods House
But rendring of it infamous?

If

If this be then the merry ghostly trade?
To work in gall?
Pray take it all
Good brother of the blade,
Call it no more the Reformation
According to the new translation:
Why will you wrack the common brain?
With words of an unwonted strain?
As plunder? or a phrase in senses cleft?
When things more nigh
May well supply
And call it down-right theft.

Here all the *Schoolmen* and *Divines*
Consent, and swear the naked lines
Want no expounding or contest,
Or *Bellarmine* to break a jest.
Since then the Heroes of the pen with mee
Here serve the sense
With difference,
We all agree agree.

A Committee.

CAst *Knaves* my *Masters*, fortune guide the chance,
No packing I beseech you, no by-glance
To mingle pairs, but fairly shake the bag,
Cheats in their spheres like subtile spirits wag.

Or if you please the Cards run as they will,
There is no choice in sin and doing ill.
Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the odd,
He acts most high that best out-dares the gods.
These are the *Rawbon'd Herd* of *Pharaoh's* Kine
Which eat up all your fatlings, yet look lean.
These are the after-claps of bloudy showrs
Which, like the *Scots*, come for your gude and yours.
The gleaners of the field, where, if a man
Escape the sword that milder frying pan,
He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws
Of such can speak no English but the cause.
Under that foggy term, that Inquisition,
Y're wracked at all adventures *On suspition*.
No matter what's the crime, a good estate's
Delinquency enough to ground their hate.
Nor shall calm innocence so scape, as not
To be made guilty, or at least so thought.
And if the spirit once inform, beware,
The flesh and world but renegadoes are.
Thus once concluded, out the *Teazers* run
All in full cry and speed till *Wat's* undone.
So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd and torn
Seems like a man that's creeping through a horn
Finds a smooth entrance, wide and fit, but when
Hee's squeez'd and forc'd up through the smaller end,
He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that spent
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent;

Or

O bodies at the *Resurrection* are
On wing, just rarifying into air.
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Case*
And shape of some sad being once that was.
The *Type* of flesh and blood, the Skeleton
And superficies of a thing that's gone.
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder
And body of a corps squeez'd to a cinder?
When no more tortures can be thought upon,
Mercy shall flow into oblivion.
Merciful Hell! thy Judges are but three,
Ours multiform, and in plurality!
Thy calmer censures flow without recall,
And in one doom souls see their final all.
We travel with expectance: Suffrings here
Are but the earnests of a second fear.
Thy pains and plagues are infinite, 'tis true
Ours are not only infinite but new,
So that the dread of what's to come exceeds
The anguish of that part already bleeds.
This only difference swells 'twixt us and you,
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himself.*

ALL *hail* fair fruit! may every Crab-tree bear
Such blossoms, and so lovely every year!

Call yee me in this slip? 'marry 'tis well,
Zacheus slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:
But if the Saints thus give's the slip, 'tis need
To look about us to preserve the breed.
Th'are of the Running game, and thus to pot
In nooses, blanks the reckning with thir *Hoh*,
Here's more than *Trussum cordum* I suppose
That knit this knot: guilt seldom singly goes
A wounded soul close coupled with the sense
Of sin, payes home its proper recompence.
But hark you Sir, if haste can grant the time?
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climbe
In Kings Prerogatives? things beyond just,
When Law seems brib'd to doom them, must be trust'd.
But O I smell your plot strong through your hose,
'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your cloaths,
Else your more active hands had fairly stay'd
The leasure of a Psalm: *Judas* has pray'd.
But latter crimes cannot admit the pause,
They run upon effects more than the cause.
Yet let me ask one question, why alone?
One member of a corporation?
Tis clear amongst Divines, bodys and souls
As joyntly active, so their judgment rowles
Concordant in the sentence; why not so
In earthly suffrings? *States* attended goe.
But I perceive the knack: Old women say

And

And bee't approv'd, each dog ſhould have his day
Hence ſweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make room,
And blanks enough for the new Saints to come,
All in *Red letters*: as their faults have bin
Scarlet, ſo limbe their *Anniverſe* of ſin,
And to their childrens credits and their wives
Be it ſtill ſaid, they leap fair for their lives.

Platonique Love.

BEgon fantaſtick whimſey, hence begon!
I ſlight thy dreams, I'me no *Camelion*,
Nor can I feed on Ayry ſmoaky bliſſes,
Or bayt my ſtrong deſire with ſmiles and kiſſes,
Old *Tantalus* as well may ſurfet on
The flying ſtreames by contemplation.

Give me a minute's heaven with my love,
Where I may roule in pleaſures far above
The idle fancy of the ſoul's embrace,
Where my ſwift hand may raviſh all the grate
Of beauties wardrop, where the longing Bride
May feaſt her ſill yet nere be ſatisfied.

Blaſpheme not Love with any other name
Than an enjoyment kindled from the flame

Of panting breſts, mix'd in a ſweet deſire
Of ſomthing more than barely to admire.
'Though ſighs and ſigns may make the pulſe beat,
'Action's the bellows that preſerve the heat.

If all content were placed in the eye
And thoughts compriz'd the whole felicity?
Pictures might court each other, and exchange
Their white-lime looks, woo hard, and yet ſeem ſtrange:
'No! Love requires a quick and home embrace,
'Nor can it dwell for ever on the face.

'Whatever glories Nature's tender care
'Compiles to make a piece divinely rare,
'Th' are but the ſweet allurements of the eye
'Fix'd on a ſtage to catch the ſtanders by.
'Or like rich *Signes* expoſed to open ſight
'To tempt the Traveller to ſtay all night.

Yield then (my chaſt *Clarinda*) once to ſee
The ſweet *Meander* of *Love's libertie*.
And ſeal thy thoughts a Grant to underſtand
The welcome pleaſures of a wife well mann'd.
For all the ſweets miſtaken in a kiſſe
Are but the empty circumſtance of this.

So ſhall a full content wipe out the ſcore
Of all our ſorrows that have paſs'd before.

Not

Not a ſad ſigh ſhall ſcape unſatisfied
Which in its maſter's paſſion wept and died.
But like a Sea made ſubject to our Oares
Wee'le hoiſe up Sail and touch the wiſhed Shoares.

Chriſtmaſs Day;

Or the ſhuttle of an inſpired Weaver bolted againſt the Order of the Church for its Solemnity.

CHriſt-maſs? Give me my beads: The word implies
A plot, by its ingredients Beef and Pyes!
A feaſt *Apocryphal*, a popiſh rite
Kneaded in dough (beloved) in the night;
The night (beloved that s as much to ſay
(By late tranſlations) not in the day.
An annual dark-lanthorn *Jubile*,
Catesby and *Vaulx* bak'd in conſpiracy,
The *Hierarchie* of *Rome*, the *Triple Crown*
Confeſs'd in *Triangles*, then ſwallow'd down,
With Spaniſh Sack? the eighty eight *Armado*
Newly preſented in an *Ovenado*.
O *Calvin!* now my *Cauſe* upon thee fixes,
Were ere ſuch dregs mix'd with *Geneva* ſixes?
The cloyſter'd ſteaks with ſalt and pepper lie
Like *Nunnes* with patches in a *Monaſtrie*.

Pro-

Prophaneſſe in a *Conclave*? nay much more
Idolatry in cruſt! *Babylon's Whore*
Rak'd from the grave, and bak'd by hanchet, then
Serv'd up in coffins to unholy men
Defil'd with ſuperſtition, like the *Gentiles*
Of old, that worſhip'd *Onions*, *Roots* and *Leeks*!
Did ever *John* of *Leyden* prophecy
Of ſuch an *Antichriſt* as pudding-pie?
Beloved 'tis a thing when it appears,
Enough to ſet the *Saints* all by the eares,
In ſolving of the text, a doub ful ſin
Reformed Churches nere conſented in.
But hold (my *Brethren*) while I preach and pray
Methinks the *Manna* melts and waſts away.
I am a man as all you are, have read
Of *Peter's* ſheet, how he devoutly fed
Without exception, therefore to diſpence
A little with the worm of conſcience,
And bend unto the creature, I profeſſe,
Zeal and a Pye may joyn both in a meſſe.
The deareſt ſons may erre, then why a ſinner
May I not eat? ſince *HUGH* eat three to dinner?

Piz

Piæ Memoriæ

Doctissimi Reverendissimique in Christo Pattis, *Johannis Prideaux* quam novissime *Wigorniæ* Episcopi, harumque tristissime lacrymarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

BUsta struant alii, lacrymisque altare refundant,
Quorum tristitia fata pianda cadunt.
Talia præcurant cineres monumenta pusilli,
Queis melos & tumulum fama gemenda petit.
Hic neque pyramidum, nec inertis monstra colossi
Poscuntur, subito corruitura die.
Gloria securi confidentissima Cœli
Non vocat hæc stellis astra minora suis.
Sic tuus ascendit currus, dignissime Præsul,
Terreni miserans futile hononis onus.
Sed væ Zodiaco nostro, væ (Phœbe) trementi,
Ortus enim patriæ lux tenebræque fuit.
In te floruimus, tecum decerpimur omnes
Et Pater & gnati: Moliter ossa cubent.
Parva tegant tenues & aperti funera fletus,
Tanta ruant superis damna silenda metu.

Ob-

Obsequies.

On that right Reverend Father in God John Prideaux *late Bishop of* Worcester *deceased.*

IF by the fall of *Luminaries* wee
May safely guess the world's *Catastrophe?*
The signs are all fulfill'd, the *Token's* flown,
(That scarce a man has any of his own)
Only the *Jews* conversion some doubt bred,
But that's confuted now the *Doctor's* dead.
Great *Atlas* of Religion! since thy fate
Proclaims our losse too soon, our tears too late.
Where shall the bleeding *Church* a Champion
To grasp with Heresie? Or to maintain (gain
Her conflict with the Devil? For the odds
Runs bias'd six to four against the *Gods.*
Hell lists amain, and th' engagement flies
With winged *Zeal* through all the Sectaries,
That should she soundly into question fall,
We were within a *Vote* of none at all.
But can this hap upon a single death?
Yes: For thou wert the treasure of our breath
That pious *Arch* whereon the building stood
Which broke, the whole's devolv'd into a
floud;
And inundation that ore-bears the banks
And bounds of all Religion: If some stanch,
Shew

Shew their emergent heads? Like *Seth's* famed
stone
Th'are monuments of thy devotion gone!
No wonder then the rambling *Spirits* stray,
In thee the body fell, and slipt away.
Hence 'tis the Pulpit swells with exhalations,
Intricate non-sense travell'd from all Nations,
Notions refin'd to doubt, and maxims squeez'd,
With tedious hick-ups till the sense grows
freez'd.
If ought shall chance to drop we may call
good,
'Tis thy distinction makes it understood.
Thy glorious Sun made ours a perfect day,
Our influence took its being from thy ray.
Thine was the *Gideon's* fleece, when all stood
dry, (high.
Pearl'd with celestiall dew, shower'd from on
(spread,
But now thy night is come, our shades are
And living here we move among the dead.
Perhaps an *Ignis fatuus* now and then
Starts up in holes, stinks and goes out agen,
Such *Kickjee Winsee* flames shew but how deas
Thy great *Light's* resurrection would be here.
A Brother with five loaves and two small fishes,
A table-book of sighs, and looks, and wishes,
Startles Religion more at one strong doubt,
Than what they mean when as the candle's
out.

But

But I prophane thy ashes (gracious soul)
Thy spirit flew too high to truss these foul
Gnostick opinions. Thou desired'st to meet,
Such tenents that durst stand upon their feet,
And beard the *Truth* with as intens'd a zeal
As *Saints* upon a fast night quilt a meal.
Rome never trembled till thy piercing eye
Darted her through, and crush'd the mysteries
Thy *Revelations* made St. *John's* compleat,
Babylon fell indeed, but 'twas thy sweat
And oyle perform'd the work: to what we see
Foretold in misty types, broke forth in thee.
Some shallow lines were drawn, and sources made
By smatterers in the Arts, to drive a trade
Of words between us, but that proved no more
Then threats in cowing feathers to give ore.
Thy fancy laid the *Siedg* that wrought her fall,
Thy batteries commanded round the wall:
Not a poor loop-hole error could sneak by,
No not the *Abbess* to the Friery,
Though her disguise as close and subtly good
As when she wore the *Monk's* hose for a hood.
And if perhaps their *French* or *Spanish* wine
Had fill'd them full of beads and *Bellarmine*,
That they durst sally, or attempt a guard,
O! how thy busy brain would beat and ward!
Rally! and reinforce! rout! and relieve!
Double reserves! and then an onset give

Like

Like marshall'd thunder back'd with flames of fire?
Storms mixt with storms? Passion with globes of ire?
Yet so well disciplin'd that judgment still
Sway'd, and not rash *Commissionated* will.
No, words in thee knew order, time, and place,
The instant of a charge, or when to face?
When to pursue advantage, where to halt,
When to draw off, and where to re-assault.
Such sure commands stream'd from thee, that 'twas one
With thee to vanquish as to look upon.
So that thy ruin'd Foes groveling confesse,
Thy conquests were their fate and happinesse.
Nor was it all thy businesse here to war
With forreign forces: But thy active star
Could course a home-bred mist, a native sin,
And shew its guilt's degrees how, and wherein;
Then sentence and expel it: Thus thy sun
An everlasting stage in labour run;
So that its motion to the eye of man
Waned still in a compleat *Meridian*.
But these are but fair comments of our loss,
The glory of a *Church* now on the *Cross*:
The transcript of that beauty once we had,
While with the lustre of thy presence clad.
But thou art gone (*Brave Soul*) and with thee all
The gallantry of Arts *Polemicall*.

Nothing

Nothing remains as *Primitive* but talk
And that our Prieſts again in *Leather* walk.
A *Flying miniſtrie* of horſe and foot,
Things that can ſtart a text but nere come to't.
Teazers of doctrines which in long ſleev'd
Run down a Sermon all upon the noſe. (proſe
Theſe like dull glow-worms twincle in the
night,
The frighted *Land-skips* of an abſent light.
But thy rich flame's withdrawn, heaven
caught the hence,
Thy glories were grown ripe for recompence:
And therefore to prevent our weak eſſaies
Th'art crown'd an Angel with cœleſtial Bayes:
And there thy raviſh'd Soul meets field and
Beauties enough to fill its ſtrong deſire. (fire,
The contemplation of a preſent *God*,
Perfections in the womb, the very road
And *Eſſenſies* of vertues as they bee
Streaming and mixing in *Eternitie*.
Whiles we poſſeſſe our ſouls but in a veyle,
Live earth confin'd, catch heaven by retaile,
Such a dark-lanthorn age, ſuch jealous dayes
Men tread on Snakes, ſleep in *Bataliaes*,
Walk like *Confeſſors*, hear, but muſt not ſay
What the bold world dares act, & what it may,
Yet here all votes, *Commons* and *Lords* agree,
The *Groſier* fell in *Land*, the *Church* in thee.

On

On the death of his Royall Majesty Charles *late King of* England, *&c.*

WHat went you out to see? a dying King?
Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.
But what went you to see? A Prophet slain?
Nay that and more; a martyrd Soveraign.
Peace to that sacred dust! *Great Sir* our fears
Have left us nothing but obedient tears
To court your hearse, and in those pious floods
We live, the poor remainder of our goods.
Accept us in these latter obsequies,
The unplundred riches of our hearts and eyes
For in these faithful streams and emanations
Ware subjects still beyond all *Sequestrations*.
Here we cry more then Conquerours: malice
Murder estates, but hearts will still obey (may
These as your glory's yet above the reach
Of such whose purple lines confusion preach.
And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire
With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that supply'd
Our duties at your triumphs: where you ride
With full celestial *Ioes*, and *Ovations*
Rich as the conquest of three ruin'd *Nations*.
But t'was the heavenly plot that snatch'd you hence,
To crown your soul with that magnificence

And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth
Could only wish and strangle in the birth.
Such pitied emulation stop'd the blush
Of our ambitious shame, non-suited us.
For where souls act beyond mortality
Heaven only can performe that *Jubilee*.
We wrastle then no more, but blesse your day
And mourn the anguish of our sad delay:
That since we cannot add, we yet stay here
Fettered in clay: Yet longing to appear
Spectators of your blisse, that being shown
Once more, you may embrace us as your own
Where never envy shall devide us more,
Nor Citty-tumults, nor the worlds uproar;
But an eternal hush, a quiet peace
As without end, so still in the increase,
Shall lull humanity a sleep, and bring
Us equal subjects to the heavenly King.
Till when I'le turn *Recusant*, and forswear
All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatory* here.

An Epitaph.

STay Passenger: Behold and see
The widdowed grave of *Majestie*.
Why trembleſt thou? Here's that will make
All but our stupid souls to shake.
Here lies entomb'd the sacred dust
Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and just.

The

The bloud (O start it not thou to hear?)
Of a *King*, 'twixt hope and fear
Shed, and hurred hence to bee:
The miracle of miserie.
Add the ills that *Rome* can boast,
Shrift the world in every coast,
Mix the fire of earth and seas
With humane spleen and practises,
To puny the records of time,
By one grand *Gygantick* crime,
Then swell it bigger till it squeeze
The globe to crooked hams and knees,
Here's that shall make it seem to bee
But modest *Christianitie*.
The *Lawgiver*, amongst his own,
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.
Voted *Monarchy* to death
By the course *Plebeian* breath:
The *Soveraign* of all command
Suffring by a *Common* hand.
A *Prince*, to make the odium more,
Offer'd at his very door.
The head cut off, o death to see't!
In obedience to the feet.
And that by *Justice* you must know,
If you have faith to think it so.
Wee'le stir no further then this sacred Clay,
But let it slumber till the *Judgment* day.
Of all the *Kings* on earth, 'tis not denyed,
Here lies the first that for Religion died.

A Survey of the VVorld

THe *World's* a guilded trifle, and the state
Of ſublunary bliſſe adulterate.
Fame but an empty ſound, a painted noiſe,
A wonder that here looks beyond nine dayes.
Honour's the tennis-ball of fortune: Though
Men wade to it in bloud and overthrow;
Which like a box of dice uneven dance,
Sometimes 'tis one's, ſometimes another's
chance.
Wealth but the hugg'd conſumption of the
heart
That travailes Sea and Land for his own ſmart.
Pleaſure a courtly madneſſe, a contrit
That ſmiles and tickles without worth or
weight,
Whoſe ſcatter'd Reck'ning when 'tis to be paid
Is but repentance laviſhly in-layd,
The world, fame, honour, wealth, and plea-
ſure then
Are the fair wrack and *Gemonies* of men.
Aſk but thy *Carnall heart* if thou ſhouldſt bee
Sole *Monarch* of the worlds great familie,
If with the *Macedonian Youth* there would
Not be a corner ſtill reſerv'd that could
Another earth contain? If ſo? What is
That poor inſatiate thing ſhe may call bliſs?

Queſtion

Question the loaden *Gallantry* asleep
What profit now their *Lawrels* in the deep
Of death's oblivion? What their *Triumph* was
More then the monument it did prance and pass?
If then applause move by the vulgar crye,
Fame's but a glorious uncertaintie.
Awake *Sejanus*, *Strafford*, *Buckingham*,
Charge the fond favourites of greatest name,
What faith is in a *Prince's* smile, what joy
In th'high and *Grand Concilio le Roy*?
Nay *Cæsar's* self, that march'd his *Honours* through
The bowels of all *Kingdoms* made them bow
Low to the stirrop of his will and vote,
What safety to their Master's life they brought?
When in the *Senate* in his highest pride
By two and thirty wounds he fell and dyed?
If *Height* be then most subjected to fate?
Honour's the day-spring of a greater hate.
Now ask the *Grov'ling soul* that makes his gold
His *Idol*, his *Diana*, what a cold
Account of happinesse can here arise
From that ingluvious surfet of his eyes?
How the whole man's inslav'd to a lean dearth
Of all enjoyment for a little earth?
How like *Prometheus* he doth still repair
His growing heart to feed the *Vulture* care.
Or like a Spider's envious designes (loines?
Drawing the threds of death from her own

Tort'ring his entrails with thoughts of to
morrow, (sorrow
To keep that masse with grief, he gain'd with
If to the clincking pastime in his ears
He add the *Orphans* cries and widdows tears,
The musick's far from sweet, and if you sound
him, (him
Truly, they leave him sadder then they found
Now touch the *Dallying Gallant*, he that lyes
Angling for babies in his *Mistris*'s eyes,
Thinks there's no heaven like a bale of dyce,
Six Horses and a Coach with a device,
A cast of Lacquyes, and a *Lady*-bird,
An Oath in fashion, and a guilded Sword,
Can smoak Tobacco with a face in frame,
And speak perhaps a line of sence to th'same,
Can sleep a *Sabbabth* over in his bed,
Or if his play book's there, will stoop to read,
Can kisse its hand, and congey *a la mode*,
And when the night's approching, bolt abroad
Unlesse his Honour's worship's rent's not come;
So he fals sick, and swears the Carrier home.
Else if his rare devotion swell so high
To waste an hour-glasse on divinity,
Tis but to make the Church his stage, thereby
To blaze the Taylor in his rybaldry.
Ask but the *Jay* when his distresse shall fall
Like an arm'd man upon him, where are all
The rose-buds of his youth? those antick toyes
Wherein hee sported out his pretious dayes?

What

What comfort he collects from Hawk or Hound?
Or if amongst his looser hours, he found
One of a thousand to redeem that time
Perish'd and lost for ever in his prime?
Or if he dream'd of an eternal blisse? (of this.
He'le swear *God damn him* he nere thought
But like the *Epicure* ador'd the day
That shin'd, rose up to eat, and drink and play
Knows that his body was but dust, and dye
It once must, so have mercy, and God b'wy.
Thus having travisi'd the fond world in brief,
The lust of the eyes, the flesh, and pride of life,
Unbiass'd and impartially, we see
'Tis lighter in the scale than vanitie. (strive
What then remains? But that we still should
Not be born to die, but die to live.

An old Man Courting a young Girle.

COme beauteous *Nymph* canst thou embrace
An aged, wise, majestick grace
To mingle with thy youthfull flames,
And make thy glories stay'd? The Dames
Of looser gesture blush to see
Thy *Lillies* cloth'd with gravitie?
Thy happier choice? thy gentle *Vine*
With a sober *Elm* entwine?

Seal fair *Nymph* that lovely tye
Shall speak thy honour loud and high.
Nym. Cease *Grandsire Lover*, and forbear
To court me with thy *Sepulchre*,
Thy chill *December* and my *May*,
Thy *Evening* and my *Break of Day*
Can brook no mixture, no condition,
But stand in perfect opposition.
Nor can my active heart embrace
A shivering *Ague* in love's chase.
Only perhaps the lucky tye
May make thy forked fortune high.
Man. If fretted roofs, and beds of down,
And the wonder of the *Town*,
Bended knees, and costly fare,
Rich'est dainties without care,
May temptations motives be
Here they all attend on thee,
And to raise thy blisse the more,
Swell thy Trunckes with precious Ore,
The glittering entrails of the East
To varnish and perfume thy Nest.
Nym. I question not *Sage Sir* but she
That weds your grave obliquity,
Your Tizick, Rheums, and Soldans face,
Shall meet with *Fretted Roofs* apace,
I fancy not your bended knees
Lest bowing you can sprightly rise,
Your gold too when you leave to woo
Will quickly become *Precious* too.

And

And dainty Cates without delight,
May glut the day but ſtarve the night.
For when thou boaſts the Beds of bliſſe,
The man, the man, ſtill wanting is.
Man. Nay gentle *Nymph* think not my fire
So quencht, but that the ſtrong deſire
Of love can wake it, and create
New action to cooperate.
The ſparks of youth are not ſo gone,
But I —— ay marry that I can.
Come ſmack me then my pretty dear,
Taſt what a lively change is here.
Why fly ſt thou me? ——
Nym. —— —— yceyce be gone,
Claſp me not with thy *Frozen Zone.*
That pale aſpect would beſt become
The ſad complexion of a *Tomb.*
Think not thy *Church-yard* look ſhall move
My Spring to be thy Winter's *Stove.*
If at the *Reſurrection* we
Shall chance to marry, call on me,
By that time I perhaps may gueſſe
How to bathe and how to dreſſe
Thy weeping legs and ſympathize,
With periſh'd lungs and wopper eyes;
And think thy touchy paſſion wit,
Love diſdain and flatter it;
And 'midſt this coſtive puniſhment
Raiſe a politick content

But whiles the *Solstice* of my years
Glories in its highest sphears,
Deem not, I will daign to be
The Vassal of infirmity,
The skreen of flegmatick old age,
Decay'd *Mathusalem* his page.
No! give me lively pleasures, such
Melt the fancy in the touch;
Raise the appetite, and more,
Satisfie it o're and o're,
Then from the ashes of those fires
Kindle fresh and new desires.
So *Cyprus* be the *Scæne*: Above
Venus and the *God* of love,
Knitting true-love knots in one
Merry happy Union;
Whiles their feather'd team appears
Doves and Sparrows in their gears,
Flutt'ring o're the jovial frie,
Sporting in love's *Comedie*.

Man. Hold hasty soul, beauty's a flower
That may perish in an hour,
No disease but can disgrace
The trifling blossoms of a face,
And nip the heights of those fond toyes,
That now are doted on with praise.
The noon-glory of the Sun
To the shades of night must come.
May, for all her guilded prime
Has its weak and withering time.

Not a bud that owes its birth
From the teeming-mother earth
But excells the fading dresse
Of a womans lovelinesse.
For when flowers vanish here
They may spring another year.
But frail beauty when 'tis gone
Finds no resurrection.
Scorn me then, coy *Nymph*, no more,
Fly no higher, do not soar,
Those pretty rubies of thy lips
Once must know a pale *Eclipse*.
And that plump assuring skin
Will be syrrow'd deeply in.
And those curled locks so bright
Time will all besnow with white.
Not a glory, nor a glance,
But must suffer change and chance.
Then, though now you'l not contract
With me in the marriage *Act*,
Yet perforce chuse, chuse you whether
You and I shall *Lye* together.

An Epitaph on his deceased Friend.

HEre lies the ruin'd *Cabinet*
Of a rich soul more highly set.
The drosse and refuse of a minde
Too glorious to be here confin'd.

Earth

Earth for a while beſpake his ſtay
Only to bait and ſo away:
So that what here he doted on
Was merely accommodation.
Not that his active ſoul could be
At home, but in eternitie.
Yet while he bleſt us with the rayes
Of his ſhort continued daies,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour ſome *Star* brought forth,
So whiles he travel'd here beneath
He liv'd, when others only breath.
For not a ſand of time ſlip'd by
Without its action ſweet as high.
So good, ſo peaceable, ſo bleſt,
Angels alone can ſpeak the reſt.

Mount Ida, or, *Beauties Conteſt.*

THree regent *Goddeſſes* they fell at odds,
As they ſat cloſe in counſel with the gods,
Whoſe beauty did excell? And thence they
crave
A moderator of the ſtrife to have,
But leſt the partial heavens could not decide
The grudg, they ſtoop to Mortals to be try'd.

Mantled in clouds then gently down they fall
Upon *Mount Ide* to appeaſe the brall,

Where

Where *Priams* lovely Boy sporting did keep
His Fathers lambs and snowy flocks of sheep,
His lilly hand was soon ordain'd to be
The harmlesse *Umpire* of the fond decree.

To him, to him, they gave the *Golden Ball*,
O happy goddesse upon whom it fall!
But more unhappy *Shepherd*, was't not pity
Thou didst not send it at a close *Commitee*?
There, there thou hadst surpass'd what did befall,
Thou might'st have crowned *One*, yet pleased *All*.

First then *Imperious Juno* did display
Her coronet of glories to the Boy,
And rang'd her stars up in an arched ring
Of height and majesty most flourishing,
Then wealth and honour at his foot did lay
To be esteem'd the *Lady* of the day.

Next *Pallas* that brave *Heroina* came,
The thund'ring Queen of action, war and fame,
Dress'd in her glittering arms, wherewith she layes (raise,
Worlds wast, and new ones from their dust can
These, these she tenders him, advanc'd to be,
With all the wreaths of wit and gallantrie.

Last *Venus* breaks forth of her golden raies,
With thousand *Cupids* crown'd, ten thousand Boyes, Spark-

Sparkling through every quadrant of her eyes,
Which made her beauty in full glory rise:
Then smiling vow'd so to sublime his parts
To make him the great *Conqueror* of hearts.

Thus poor distracted *Paris* all on fire
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to desire,
The sweet temptations pleaded hard for all,
Each theatre of beauty seem'd to call
For the bright prize: but he amazed, he (the
Could not determine which, which, which was

At last the *Cyprian* Girle so struck him blinde
In all the faculties of soul and minde,
That he poor captiv'd wretch without delay
Could not forbear his frailty to betray,
But maugre honour, wisdome, all above,
He ran and kiss'd & crown'd the *Queen* of *Love*.

Pallas and *Juno* then in high disdain
Took snuff and posted up to heaven again,
As to a high *Court* of appeal, to be
Reveng'd on men for this indignity.
'Hence then it happens that the *Ball* was lost,
''Tis two to one but love is alwayes croſt.

Upon

Upon a Flye that flew into a Lady's eye, and there lay buried in a tear.

POor envious *Soul!* what couldst thou see
In that bright *Orb* of purity?
That active globe? that twinkling sphear
Of beauty to be medling there?
Or didst thou foolishly mistake
The glowing morn in that day-break?
Or was't thy pride to mount so high
Only to kisse the *Sun* and die?
Or didst thou think to rival all
Don Phaethon and his great fall?
And in a richer Sea of brine
Drown *Icarus* again in thine?
'Twas bravely aim'd, and which is more
Th' hast sunk the fable o're and o're.
For in this single death of thee
Th' hast bankrupt all *Antiquity*.
O had the fair *Ægyptian* Queen
Thy glorious monument once seen,
How had she spared what time forbids
The needlesse tott'ring *Pyramids*!
And in an emulative chafe
Have begg'd thy shrine her Epitaph?
Where, when her aged marble must
Resign her honour to the dust,
Thou mightst have canonized her
Deceased *Time's Executor*,

To

To rip up all the western bed
Of spices where Sol layes his head,
To squeez the Phœnix and her Nest
In one perfume that may write Best;
Then blend the gall'rie of the skies
With her Seraglio of eyes,
T'embalm a name, and raise a Tomb
The miracle of all to come,
Then, then, compare it: Here's a Gem
A Pearl must shame and pity them.
An amber drop, distilled by
The sparkling Limbeck of an eye,
Shall dazle all the short essaies
Of rubbish worth, and shallow praise.
We strive not then to prize that tear
Since we have nought to poise it here.
The world's too light. Hence, hence we cry
The world, the world's not worth a Fly.

Obsequies

To the memory of the truly Noble, right Valiant and right Honourable, Spencer *Earl of* Northampton, *slain at* Hopton *Field in* Straffordshire, *in the beginning of this Civil War.*

WHat? The whole world in silence? not a tear
In tune through all the speechlesse Hemisphere

Has grief so seiz'd and sear'd man-kinde in all
The convoyes of *Intelligence*? No fall
But those of *Waters* heard? No Elegies (eyes?
But such as whine through th' organs of our
Can *Pompey* fall again? and no Pen say
Here lies the *Roman Liberty* in clay?
Or can his bloud *Bow-die* th' Egyptian Sand,
And the black crime do lesse than tann the land?
And make the *Region* in stead of a verse
And tomb his sable *Epitaph* and Herse?
So here *Northampton* that brave *Heroe* fell
Triumphant *Roman* thy pure parallel,
The bluth and glory of his Age: Who dyed
In all points happy, but the *Weaker side*.
Only to foreign parts he did not roam,
The kind *Egyptians* met him nearer home.
Both, and such Causes, that the world confesse,
There's nought to plead against them but *success*.
Malignant Loyalty! a glorious fame
And sin, for which God never found a name.
Which had it scap'd the *Rubrick* of these times
Had still continued among *Holy Crimes*.
A *Text* on which we find no glosse at all
But in the *Alcoran* of Goldsmiths Hall!
Now (*Great Adolphus*) give me leave to stir
The ashes of thy Urn, and Sepulchers
And branch the flowers of the *Swedish* glory
As rival'd to the life in our sad story,
Yet not impair thy plumes, by adding more
To suit that splendor from a neighbour shore:

Nor deem thy honor leſſe thus match't to be,
If *Compton* dyed to graſping *Victory*.
An active ſoul in gallant fury hurl'd
To club with all the Worthies of the world.
Blind, envious, piping *Fortune!* what could be
The tottering ground of this thy treachery?
To ſtop the ballance of that brave Carrear
Was both at once thy miracle and fear?
Was't not a pannick dread ſurpriz'd thy ſoul
Of being made ſervile to his high controul?
Bluſh and confeſſe poor *Caitif-goddeſſe!* ſo
We'l quit his in thy real overthrow.
And *Death*, thou worm! thou pale *Aſſaſſinate!*
Thou ſneaking hireling of revenge and hate,
Didſt not thou feel an *Earth-quake* in thy bones?
Such as rends Rocks and their foundations?
No *Tertian* ſhivering but an *Ague* fit
Which with a burning Feaver ſhall commit
The world to aſhes? when thou ſtol'ſt crept under
That Helmet which durſt dare *Jove* and his thunder.
But ſince the bays he reacht at grew not here
Like a wiſe ſouldier, and a *Cavalier*,
He left his covetous enemy at bay,
Rifling the carriage of his fleſh and clay:
While his rich ſoul purſued the greater game
Of *Honour* to the skies, there fix'd his name:

I ſhall not therefore vex the *Orbs* to trace
Thy ſacred footſteps in that hallow'd place,
Nor ſtart a feigned Star, and ſwear it thine,
Then ſtretch the *Conſtellation* to thy line,
Like a *Welch Gentleman* that tacks his kin
To all *Coats* in the country he lives in.
Nor yet, to raiſe thy *Flaming Creſt*, ſhall I
Knock for the wandring *Planets* in the ſky
Perhaps ſome broken beauty of ſtale doubt,
To comment on her face has hir'd them out.
Let fame, and thy brave race thy *Statue* live,
The world can never ſuch another give.
Whiles each ſoul ſighes at the ſad thought of thee
There fell a *Province* of *Nobility*.
A fall, had *Zeal* but husbanded its throat,
That ſunk the *Houſe of Lords*, and ſaved the *Vote*.
They only ſtate mute *Titles* in their gears,
He ſingly repreſente d all the *Peers*.
One, had the enemy imploy'd their *Smeck*,
Thoſe *Ring-worms of the Church*, to beg a neck
With *Claudius*, to metropolize all worth,
Rome, and what ere the *Suburb*-world brought forth,
In him the ſword did glut its ravening eye,
The reſt that kick'd up were the ſmaller *Frye*.
Sparks only of that fire in him deceas'd,
Nyſtes that crack'd and vaniſh'd North & Weſt.
He lead the *Royal* war in ſuch a dye,
In that dire entrance of the *Tragedy*,

The sense (*Great Charles*) no longer to prorogue,
None but thy self could speak the *Epilogue*.

The London Lady.

GEntly my *Muse*! 'tis but a tender piece,
A paradox of Fumes and *Ambergreece*.
A cobweb-tinder at a touch takes fire,
The tumbling wherligig of blind desire.
Vulcan's *Pandora* in a crystall shrine,
Or th' old *Inn* fac'd with a new painted signe.
The spotted voyder of the *Term*: In short,
Chymical nature physick'd into Art.
But hold rude *Satyr*, here's a *Hector* comes,
A *Codpeice Captain* that with her shares sums.
One claims a joynture in her sins the foil
That puts her off, like the old man ere while
That with a dagger Cloak and ho-boy gapes
And squeeks for company for the *Jack an-Apes*.
This is the fierce S. *George*, for e runs the waggon
And, if occasion be shall kill the *Dragon*.
Don Mars the great ascendant on the road
When *Thomas*'s teem begins to jog abroad.
The hinter at each turn of *Covent Garden*,
The Club pickearer, the robust *Church-warden*
Of *Lincoln*'s *Inn* back-corner, where he angles
For Cloaks and Hats, and the small game entangles:

The

This is the *City Vsher* straid to enter
The small drink countrey Squires of the first venter,
And dubbes them bach'lor-Knight of the black Jugge,
Mans them into an oath, and the French shrugge
Makes them fine graduates, in smock-impudence,
And gelds them of their puny mothers sence.
So that when two terms more, and forty pound
Reads them acquainted all *Gomorrha* round,
Down to their wondring friends at last they range,
With breeding just enough to speak them strange;
And drown a younger brother in a look,
Kick a poor Lacquey, and berogue the Cook,
Top a small cry of Tenants that dare stir
In no phrase now, but save your *Worship Sir*.
But to return: By this my Lady's up,
Has swom the Ocean of the Cawdle-Cup,
Convers'd with every washing, every ground,
And Fucus in the Cabinet's to be found,
Has laid the fix'd complexion for the day,
Her breech rings high *Change* and she must away. (she glides,
Now down the Channel towards the *Strand*
Flinging her nimble glances on both sides,
Like the death-darting *Cockatrice* that slye
Close *Engineer*) that murders through the eye.

The first that's tickled with her rumbling
wheels
Is the old *Statesman*, that in slippers reels,
He wire-draws up his jawes, and snuffs and
grins,
And sighing smacks, but for my aged shins,
My *Conclave* of diseases, I would boord
Your lofty Gally: Thus I serv'd my *Lord*——
But mum for that, his strength will scarce supply
His back to the Balcona, so God b' wy.
By this she has survey'd the golden *Globe*,
And finding no temptation to disrobe,
To *Durham New Old Stable* on she packs,
Where having winc'd and breath'd the what
ye lacks,
Rusled and bounced a turn or two in ire,
She mounts the Coach like *Phaethon* all on fire,
Fit for impressions of all sorts of evil,
And whirles up tow'rds the *Lawyers* and the
Devil.
There *Ployden* in his lac'd Ruff snatch'd on edge
Peeps like an Adder through a quick set hedge,
And brings his stale demur to stop the course
Of her proceedings with her yoak of horse;
Then sals to handling of the case, and so
Shews her the posture of her overthrow,
But yet for all his Law and double Fees
She'l bring him to joyn issue on his knees:
And make him pay for expedition too,
Thus the gray fox acts his green sins anew.

And well he ſcapes if all his *Norman* ſenſe
Can ſave the burning of his *Evidence*.
But out at laſt ſhe's hudled in the dark,
Man'd like a *Lady-Glient* by the *Clerk*.
And ſo the nimble youngſter at the parting
Extorts a ſmack perhaps before the Carting.
Down *Fleet-ſtreet* next ſhe rowls with pow-
dred creſt, (neſt
To ſpring clip'd half-crowns in the *Cuckow's*
For now the Heroes of the yard have ſhut
Their ſhops, and loll upon their bulks to put
The Ladies to the ſqueek, if ſo perhaps
Their miſtreſſes can ſpare them from their laps.
Not far ſhe waves and ſails before ſhe clings
With the young tribe for pendents, lace, and
rings.
But there poor totterd *Madam*, though too late,
She meets the topſie-turvey of her ſtate,
For the calm'd Boyes, having nought left to pay,
Are forc'd to pawn her, and ſo run away.
On this the dreadful *Drawers* ſoon appears,
Like her ill *Genius* about her ears,
With a long bill of *Items* that affright
Worſe than a skull of Halberds in the night.
For now the Jay's compell'd to untruſſe all
The tackling upon tick for every ſtall,
Each ſharing Broker of her borrow'd dreſſe
Seems to do pennance in her nakedneſſe.
For not a Lady of the noble game,
But is compos'd at leaſt of all Long-lane.

An Animal *together blow'd and made,*
And up'd of all the shreds of every Trade. (pack

Thus purely now her self homewards sh
Exciz'd in all the *Dialects* of her knacks:
Squeez'd to the utmost thred, and last grain,
Like *Meteors* tos'd to their first grit again.
A lane, a lane, she comes, summ'd down
But shame & a thin-under-petticoat. (nough
But lest I should pursue her to the quick,
I passe: the chase lies now too near the nick.
In pity *Satyr* then thy lash let fall:
He knows her best that scans her not at all.
And though thou seem'st discourteous not t
save her,
No matter, when thou leav'st there's one w
have her.

The Times.

TO speak in wet-shod eyes, & drowned look
Sad broken accents, and a vein that brood
No spirit, life, or vigour, were to own
The crush and triumph of affliction;
And creeping with *Themistocles* to be
The pale-fac'd pensioners of our enemie.
No, 'tis the glory of the soul to rise
By falls, and at re-bound to pierce the skies.
Like a brave *Courser* standing on the sand
Of some high-working *Fretum*, views a land
Smilin

Smiling with sweets upon the distant side,
Garnish'd in all her gay embroidred pride,
Larded with springs, and fring'd with curled woods,
Impatient, bounces in the capring floods,
Big with a nobler fury than that stream
Of shallow violence he meets in them; (way
Thence arm'd with scorn & courage ploughs a
Through the impostum'd billows of the Sea;
And makes the grumbling Surges slaves to oar
And wast him safely to the further shoar:
Where landed, in a soveraign disdain
He turns back, and surveys the foaming main,
Whiles the subjected waters flowing reel,
Ambitious yet to wash the victor's heel.
In such a noble equipage should we
Embrace th' encounter of our misery.
Not like a field of corn, that hangs the head
For every tempest, every petty dread
Crosses were the best *Christians* arms: and we
That hope a wished *Canaan* to see,
Must not expect a carpet-way alone
Without a red-sea of affliction,
Then cast the dice: Let's foord old *Rubicon*,
Cæsar 'tis thine, man is but once undone.
Tread softly though, lest *Scylla*'s ghost awake,
And us i'th' roll of his *Proscriptions* take.
Rome is revived, and the *Triumvirate*
In the black *Island* are once more a State;
The City trembles: there's no third to shield,
If once *Augustus* to *Antonius* yield, Law

Law ſhall not ſhelter *Cicero*, the robe
The *Senate*: Proud ſucceſſe admits no Probe
Of Juſtice to correct or quare the fate
That bears down all as illegitimate;
For whatſoere it liſts to overthrow,
It either finds it, or elſe makes it ſo.
Thus *Tyranny*'s a ſtately *Palace*, where
Ambition ſweats to climb and nuſtle there;
But when 'tis enterd, what hopes then remain?
There is no ſalliport to come out again.
For miſchief muſt rowl on, and gliding grow,
Like little rivulets that gently flow (creaſe
From their firſt bubbling ſprings, but ſtill in-
And ſwell their channel as they mend their pace,
Till in a glorious tide of villany
They over-run the banks, and poſting fly
Like th' bellowing waves in tumults till they can
Diſplay themſelves in a full Ocean.
And if blinde rage ſhall chance to miſſe its way
Brings ſtock enough alone to make a Sea.
Thus treble treaſons are ſecur'd and crown'd
By lowder cries of deeper mouth and ſound.
And high attempts ſwallow a puny plot
As Cannons overwhelm the ſmaller ſhot.
Whiles the deaf ſenſeleſſe world inur'd a while
(Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile*)
To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none
Thus cuſtome hallows irreligion!
And ſtroaks the patient beaſt till he admit
The now-grown-light and neceſſary bit.

But

But whether do I ramble? Gauled times
Cannot endure a ſmart hand ore their crimes.
Diſtracted age? What dialect or faſhion
Shall I aſſume? to paſſe the approbation
Of thy cenſorious *Synod*; which now ſit
High *Areopagiees* to deſtroy all wit?
I cannot ſay, I ſay, that I am one
Of th' *Church* of *Ely-houſe*, or *Abington*,
Nor of thoſe precious ſpirits that can deal
The pomegranates of grace at every meal.
No zealous *Hemp-dreſſer* yet dipp'd me in
The Laver of adoption from my ſin.
But yet if inſpiration, or a tale
Of a long-waſted ſix hours length prevail,
A ſmooth certificate from the ſiſter-hood,
Or to be termed holy before good,
Religious malice, or a faith 'thout works
Other then may proclaim us *Jews* or *Turks*:
If theſe, theſe hint at any thing? Then, then
Whoop! my diſpairing *Hope* come back agen:
For ſince the inundation of grace,
All honeſty's under water, or in chaſe.
But 'tis the old worlds dotage, thereupon
We feed on dreams, imagination, (reign
Humours, and croſſe-grain'd paſſions which now
In the decaying elements of the brain.
'Tis hard to coin new fancies, when there be
So few that launch out in diſcovery.
Nay Arts are ſo far from being cheriſhed,
There's ſcarce a *Colledge* but has loſt its *Head*,

And

And almoſt all its *Members*: O ſad wound!
Where never an Artery could be judged ſound!
To what a hight is *Vice* now towred? When we
Dare not miſcall it an *Obliquitie*?
So confident, and carrying ſuch an aw,
That it ſubſcribes it ſelf no leſſe than *Law*?
If this be reformation then? the great
Account purſued with ſo much bloud and ſweat:
In what black lines ſhall our ſad ſtory be
Deliver'd over to poſteritie?
With what a daſh and ſcar ſhall we be read?
How has Dame *Nature* in us ſuffered?
Who of all Centuries the firſt age are
That ſunk the World for want of due repair?
When firſt we iſſued out in cries and tears,
(Thoſe ſalt preſages of our future years)
Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm,
Times crown'd with roſie garlands, ſpice and balm;
Where firſt a glorious *Church* and mother came
Embrac'd us in her arms, gave us a name
By which we live, and an indulgent breſt
Flowing with ſtream to an eternal reſt.
Thus raviſh'd, the poor *Soul* could not gueſs even,
Which was more kinde to her yet, earth, or heaven.
Or rather rapped in a pious doubt
Of heaven, whether ſhe were in or out.
Next the *Great Father* of our *Country* brings
His bleſſing too, (even the *Beſt* of *Kings*)

Safe

Safe and well-grounded Laws to guard our peace,
And nurſe our virtues in their juſt increaſe;
Like a pure ſpring from whom all graces come,
Whoſe bounty made it double *Chriſtendome.*
Such and ſo ſweet were thoſe *Halcyon* Dayes
That roſe upon us in our Infant rayes;
Such a compoſed *State* we breathed under,
We only heard of *Jove*, nere felt his thunder.
Terrours were then as ſtrange, as love now grown,
Wrong and revenge lived quietly at home.
The ſole contention that we underſtood
Was a rare ſtrife and war in doing good.
Now let's reflect upon our gratefulneſſe,
How we have added, or (O!) made it leſſe,
What are th' improvements? what our progreſſe, where (were?
Thoſe handſome acts that ſay that ſome men
He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more
From his own worth, dyes bankrupt on the ſcore.
For Father's Creſts are crowned in the Son,
And glory ſpreads by propagation.
Now virtue ſhield me! where I ſhall begin?
To what a labyrinth am I now ſlipp'd in,
What ſhall we anſwer them? or what deny?
What prove? or rather whether ſhall we fly?
When the poor widdow'd *Church* ſhall aſk us where
Are all her honours? and that filial care

We

We owed so sweet a parent as the Spouse
Of *Christ*, which here vouchsafed to own a
Where are her *Boanerges*? & those rare (house
Brave sons of consolation? which did bear
The *Ark* before our *Israel*, and dispence
The heavenly *Manna* with such diligence?
In them the prim'tive Motto's come to passe,
Aut mortui sunt, aut docens literas.
Bless'd *Virgin* we can only say we have (grave.
Thy Prophets Tombes among us, and their
And here and there a man in colours paint
That by thy ruines grew a mighty *Saint*.
Next *Cæsar* some accounts are due to thee,
But those in bloud already written be.
So loud and lasting, in such monstrous shapes,
So wide the never to be clos'd wound gapes;
All ages yet to come with shivering shall
Recite the fearful pres'dent of thy fall.
Hence we confute thy tenent *Solomon*.
Under the Sun a new thing hath been done,
A thing before all pattern, all pretence
Of rule or coppy: Such a strange offence
Of such original extract, that it bears
Date only from the *Eden* of our years.
Laconion Agis! we have read thy fate,
The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.
How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee,
And fled the horror of thy tragedie;
Thyestes cruel feast, and how the Sun
Shrunk in his golden beams that sight to shun.

The boſomes of all Kingdoms open lye,
Plain and emergent to th' inquiring eye.
But when we glance upon our native home,
As the black *Center* to whome all points come,
We reſt amazed, and ſilently admire
How far beyound all ſpleen ours did aſpire.
All that we dare aſſert is but a cry
Of an exchanged peace for *Liberty*.
A ſecret term by inſpiration known,
A miſt that brooks no demonſtration,
Unleſſe we dive into our puſes, where
We quickly find *Our Freedom* purely dear.
But why exclaim you thus? may ſome men ſay,
Againſt the times? when equal night and day
Keep their juſt courſe? the ſeaſons ſtill the ſame?
As ſweet as when from the firſt hand they came?
The influence of the *Stars* benigne and free,
As at firſt *Peep up* in their infancie?
Tis not thoſe ſtanding motions that divide
The ſpace of years, nor the ſwift hours that glide
Thoſe little particles of age, that come
In thronging *Items* that make up the *Summ*,
That's here intended: But our crying crimes,
Our monſters that abominate the times.
Tis we that make the *Metonymie* good
By being bad, Which like a troubled floud
Nothing produce but ſlimy mire and dirt,
And impudence that makes ſhame malepert.

To

To travel further in these wounds that lye
Rankling, though seeming closed, were to deny (tear
Rest to an ore-watch'd world, and force fresh
From stench'd eyes, new alarum'd by old fears
Which if they thus shall heal and stop, they be
The first that ere were cur'd by *Lethargie*.
This only *Axiom* from ill *Times* increase
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*

The Model of the new Religion.

WHoop! *Mr. Vicker* in your flying frock?
What news at *Babel* now? how stands the
When wags the cloud? no *Ephimerides*? (Co
Nought but confounding of the languages?
No more of th'Saints arrival? or the chance
Of three pipes two pence and an ordinance?
How many Queer-religions? clear your throat
May a man have a peny-worth? four a groat
Or do the *Juncto* leap at trutss a tayle?
Three Tenents clap while five hang on the
tayle?
No *Querpo model?* never a knack or wile?
To preach for spoons and whistles? cross or pile
No hints of truth on foot? no sparks of grace
No late sprung light? to dance the wild-goose
chase?
No *Spiritual Dragoons* that take their flames
From th'inspiration of the Citty Dames?

No

No crums of comfort to relieve our cry?
No new dealt mince-meat of divinity?
Come let's project: By the great late Eclipse
We justly fear a famine of the lips.
For sprats are rose an *Omer* for a sowse,
Which gripes the conclave of the lower House.
Let's therefore vote a close humiliation
For opening the seal'd eyes of this blind Nation,
That they may see confessingly and swear
They have not seen at all these fourteen year.
And for the splints and spavins too, tis said
All the joints have the *Riffcage*, since the head
Swell'd so prodigious, and exciz'd the parts
From all allegiance, but in tears and hearts.
But zealous Sir, what say to a touch at prayer?
How *Quops* the Spirit? In what garb or ayre?
With *Souse* erect, or pendent, winks, or haws?
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir* hold forth,
Learning's a venture of the second worth.
For since the people's rise and its sad fall
We are inspir'd from much to none at all.
Brother adieu! I see y'are closely girt,
A costive *Dover* gives the Saints the squirt.
Hence (Reader) all our flying news contracts
Like the State's Fleet from the Seas into acts
But where's the model all this while you'le say
'Tis like the *Reformation*, run away.

On Britannicus *his leap three ſtory high, and his eſcape from* London.

PAul from *Damaſcus* in a baſket ſlides
Cran'd by the faithfull *Brethren* down the ſides
Of their embattel'd walls: *Britannicus*
As loath to truſt the *Brethrens God with us*,
Slides too, but yet more deſp'rate, and yet thrives
In his decent; needs muſt! the Devil drives.
Their cauſe was both the ſame, and herein meet
Only their fall was not with equal feet,
Which makes the caſe *Iambick*: Thus we ſee
How much news falls ſhort of *Divinitie*.
Truth was their crying crime: One takes the night,
Th'other th' advantage of *the New ſprung Light*
To mantle his eſcape: How different be
The Priſtin and the *Modern Policie*?
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? Yet ſtill
Cloſe in the Propagation of ill?
Hence flowes this uſe and doctrine from the thump
I laſt ſuſtain'd (beloved) *Good whs may Jump.*

Content.

Content.

FAir ſtranger! winged maid, where doſt thou reſt
Thy ſnowy locks at noon? Or on what breſt
Of ſpices ſlumber ore the ſullen night?
Or waking whether doſt thou take thy flight?
Shall I go ſeek ſome melancholick grove?
The ſilent theatre of diſpair and love?
There court the *Bitterne* and the *Pelican*
Thoſe *Aiery Antipodes* to the tents of man?
Or ſitting by ſome pretty prattling ſpring
Hear hoarſe *Nyctimene* her dirges ſing?
While the rough *Satyres* dance *Corantoes* too
The chattring Sembriefs of her *Woo-boo, boo?*
Or ſhall I trace ſome ice-bound wilderneſſe
Among the caverns of abſtruſe receſſe?
Where never prying Sun, nor bluſhing Day
Could ſteal a glimps, or interſqueeze a ray?
If not within this ſolitary Cell,
Or whether muſt I poſt? Where doſt thou dwell?
Shall I let looſe the reins of blind deſire?
And ſurfet every ravening ſence? Give fire
To any train? And tyre voluptuouſneſſe
In all her ſoft varieties of exceſſe?
And make each day a hiſtory of ſin?
Drink the *A la mort* Sun down and up agen?

Improve my crimes to ſuch a roaring ſcore,
That when I dye, where other go before
In whining venial ſtreams, and quarto pages,
My flouds may riſe in folio, ſink all ages?
Or ſhall I bathe my ſelf in widdows tears?
And build my name in th' curſe of them and
theirs?
Ship-wrack whole nature to craw out a purſe
With th' molten cinders of the univerſe?
Belch nought but ruine? aud the horrid cries
Of fire and ſword? and ſwim in drowned eyes?
Make lanes to crowns and ſcepters through th
heart's veins
Of Juſtice, Law, Right, Church and Sov
raigns?
No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way
Of death, this ſcarlet ſtreak'd *Aceldama*.
Shall I then to the houſe of mourning goe
Where the *Salt-peter Vuates* overflow (brine
With freſh ſupplies of grief? Freſh tides o
Or traverſe the wide world in every line?
VValk through the bowels of each realm and
Simpling for rules of policy to create (ſta
Strange forms of government of new molds &
waſts
Like a French *Kickshaw* of a thouſand taſts?
Or ſhall I dive into the ſecrecy
Of Nature? VVhere the moſt retir'd doth lye?
Or ſhall I waſte the taper of my ſoul
In ſcrutinies; were neither *Northern-pole*

No

Nor *Southern-constellation* darts a light
To constitute a latitude or height?
Or shall I float into the watry pale
Wan kingdom of the *Moon?* and there set sail
For all the *Orbs?* and keep high holy-day
With th'*Nectar-tipling-Gods* in th' milky-way?
Swell *Bacchus* tripes with a tun of lusty Sack?
And lay the *Plump Squire* flat upon his back?
O no, these revels are too short, too sour,
Too sad, hugg'd and repented in an hour.
Shall I then plough the seas to forreign soils?
And rake the pregnant *Indies* for hid spoils?
Or with the *Anchorite* abhor the eye
Of heaven, and banish all societie?
Live in, and out the world? and passe my daies
In treading out some strange mysterious maze?
Tast every humane sweet? Lilly and Rose?
With all the sharp guard that about them grows?
Climb where dispair would tremble to set foot
Spring new impossibles and force way to't?
Make the whole globe a shop of Chymistry
To melt down all her atomes, and descry
That small *Iota*, that last pittied grain
Which the gull'd sons of men pursue in vain?
Or shall I grasp those meteors, fame, and praise?
Which breath by th' charitie of the vulgar voice?
Pile honour upon honour till it crack
The *Atlas* of my pride, and break its back?

Hold fancy, hold! for whether wilt thou bear
My sun-burnt hope to losse? 'tis, 'tis not here.
Soar then (*My Soul*) above the arched roun
Of these poor spangled blisses: Here's no groun
To fix the sacred foot of pure *Content*,
Her mansion's in a higher element.
Hast thou perceiv'd the sweetnesse of a groan
Or tried the wings of contemplation?
Or hast thou found the balm of tears that pres
Like amber in the dregs of bitternesse?
Or hast thou felt that secret joy that flows
Against the tide of common over-throws?
Or hast thou known the dawnings of a God
Upon thee, when his love is shed abroad?
Or hast thou heard the sacred harmony
Of a calm Conscience ecchoing in thee
A *Requiem* from above? A sealed peace
Beyond the power of hell, sin, or decease?
Or hast thou tasted that communion
Between a reconciled God and Man?
That holy intercourse? Those precious smile
Dissolv'd in holy whisperings between whiles
Here, here's the steps lead to her blest'd
bode;
Her chair of state is in the throne of God.

May

May Day.

COme *Gallants*, why ſo dull? What muddy cloud
Dwells on the eye-brows of the day? Why ſhroud
Ye up your ſelves in the furl'd ſails of night,
And toſſing lye at *Hull*? Hark how delight
Knocks with her ſilver wings at every ſenſe?
And great *Apollo Lawreat* doth Commence?

Up! 'tis the golden *Jubilee* of the year, (*Sphear*
The *Stars* are all withdrawn from each glad
Within the tyring-rooms of heaven, unleſſe
Some few that peep to ſpy our happineſſe
Whiles *Phœbus* tugging up *Olympus* craw (*Paw*.
Smoaks his bright Teem along on the *Grand*

Hark how the ſongſters of the ſhady plain
Cloſe up their Anthems in a melting ſtrain!
See where the glittring Nymphs whirl it away
In *Checkling Caravans* as blyth as *May*;
And th' Chriſtial ſweating flowers droop their heads
In bluſhing ſhame to call you ſlug-a-beds.

Waſte but a glance upon *Hide-park*, and ſwear
All *Argus* eyes are fall'n, and fixed there.

The dapled lawns with Ladies shine and glow,
Whiles bubbling mounts with springs of *Nectar*
flow;
And each kinde Turtle sits and bills his Dove
Like *Venus* and *Adonis* lapp'd in love,

Heark how *Amyntas* in melodious loud
Shrill raptures tunes his horn-pipe! whiles a
crowd
Of snow-white milk-maids crownd with gar-
lands gay
Trip it to the soft measure of his Lay.
And fields with curds and cream like green-
cheese lye,
This now or never is the *Gallaxie*.

If the facetious *Gods* ere taken were
With mortal beauties and disguis'd, 'tis here.
See how they mix societies, and tosse
The tumbling ball into a willing losse, (take
That th' twining *Ladies* on their necks might
The doubled kisses which they first did stake.

Those petty earnests of a maiden-head,
Those sugred seals of love, types of the bed,
Which to confirm the sweet conveiance more
They throng in thousand times ten thousand
score
Such heavenly surfets, as they sporting lye,
Thus catch they from each others lip and eye,

The

The game at beſt, the girls *May-rould* muſt be,
Where *Corydon* and *Mopſa*, he and ſhe
Each happy pair make one *Hermaphrodite*,
And rumbling bounce together, black & white,
Where had you ſeen the chance, you had not known
Whoſe ſhew had lovelier bin *Madam*'s or *Juno*.

Then crown the bowl, let every conduit run
Canary, till we lodge the reeling Sun.
Tap every joy, let not a pearl be ſpilt,
Till we have ſet the ringing world a tilt.
And ſacrifice *Arabia Felix* in
One bone-fire, one incenſe-offering.

'Tis *Sack*, 'tis *Sack*, that drownes the thorney cares,
Which hedg the pillow, and abridge our years,
The quickning *Anima Mundi* that creates
Life in dejection, and out-dares the Bates,
Makes men look big on danger, and out-ſmell
The fury of that thrall that threatens Hell.

Chirp round my boyes let each ſoul take its ſip,
Who knows what falls between the cup and lip?
What can a voluntary pale-look bring
Or a deep ſigh to leſſen ſuffering?
Has miſchief any pity or regard?
The foyl of miſery is a breaſt prepar'd.

Hence

Hence then with folded arms, eclipſed eyes,
And low impriſon'd groans, meek cowardiſe,
Urge not with oars death that in full ſail comes
Nor walk in foreſtal'd blacks to the dark tombs
But rather then th' eternal jaws ſhall gape,
Gallop with *Curtius* down the gallant hap.

Mean time here's that ſhall make our ſhackles light,
And charm the diſmal terrors walk by night,
'Tis this that chears the drooping ſoul, revives
The benum'd captive crampt in his cold gyves.
Kingdomes and Cottages, the *Mill* and *Throne*
Sack the *Grand Leveller* commands alone.

'Tis *Sack* that rocks the boyling brain to reſt,
Confirms the aged hams, and warms the breſt
Of gallantry to action, runs half-ſhare
And metal with the buff-fac'd Sons of war.
'Tis wit, 'tis art, 'tis ſtrength, 'tis all and more;
Then looſe the floud-gates *George*, we'le pay or ſcore.

An Epig. to Doulus.

Doulus advanc'd upon a goodly Steed,
Came mounting ore the plain in very deed,
Whereat the people cring'd & bow'd the knee,
In honour of my *Lord*'s rich Livery.

Hence

Hence ſwell not *Doulus*, nor erect thy creſt,
'Twas for the *Goddeſſe* ſake we capp'd the beaſt.

An Epig. on the people of England.

Sweating and chafing hot *Ardelio* cryes
A Boat a Boat, elſe farewel all the prize.
But having once ſet foot upon the deep
Hot-ſpur *Ardelio* fell faſt aſleep.
So we, on fire with zealous diſcontent,
Cali'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;
Which being obtain'd at laſt, what did they do?
Even ſqueez the woolpacks, and lye ſnorting too.

Another.

Britain a lovely Orchard ſeemd to be
Furniſh'd with natures choiſe variety,
Temptations golden fruit of every ſort,
Th' *Heſperian Garden* fann'd from fein'd report,
Great boyes and ſmall together in we brake,
No matter what diſdain'd *Priapus* ſpake,
Up, up, we lift the great Boyes in the trees,
Hoping a common ſhare to ſympathize:
But they no ſooner there neglected ſtreight
The ſhoulders that ſo rais'd them to this height;
And fell to ſtuffing of their own bags firſt,
And as their treaſure grew, ſo did their thirſt.

Whiles

Whiles we in lean expectance gaping ſtand
For one ſhake from their charitable hand,
But all in vain, the dropſie of deſire
So ſcorch'd them, three Realms could not quench
the fire.
Be wiſe then in your Ale, bold youths: for fear
The *Gardner* catch us as *Moſs* caught his *Mare*.

A Sing-ſong on Clarinda's *Wedding*.

NOw that *Love's Holiday* is come,
And *Madg* the *Maid* hath ſwept the room
And trimm'd her ſpit and pot,

Awake my merry *Muſe*, and ſing
The *Revels*, and that other thing
That muſt not be forgot.

As the gay morning dawn'd, 'tis ſed
Clarinda broke out of her bed.
Like *Cynthia* in her pride:

Where all the Maiden *Lights* that were
Compriz'd within our *Hemiſphere*
Attended at her ſide.

But wot you then, with much ado
They dreſs'd the Bride from top to toe
And brought her from her chamber.

Deckd

Deckd in her robes and garments gay
More ſumptuous than the live-long-day
Or Stars enſhrin'd in Amber.

The ſparkling bullies of her eyes
Like two eclipſed Suns did riſe
Beneath her cryſtal brow,

To ſhew like thoſe ſtrange accidents
Some ſudden changeable events
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks beſtreak'd with white and red,
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed
Preſag'd the bluſtring night

With his encricling arms and ſhade
Reſolv'd to ſwallow and invade
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips, thoſe threds of ſcarlet dye,
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lye,
Legions of ſweets did crown;

Which ſmilingly did ſeem to ſay
O crop me, crop me, whiles you may,
Anon th' are not mine own.

Her

Her breſts thoſe melting Alps of ſnow
On whoſe fair hills in open ſhow
The *God of Love* lay napping;

Like ſwelling Buts of lively Wine
Upon their ivory ſtells did ſhine
To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waſte that ſlender type of man
Was but a ſmall and ſingle ſpan,
Yet I dare ſafely ſwear

He that whole thouſands has in fee,
Would forfeit all, ſo he might be
Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I paſſe the line
Pray *Reader* give me leave to dine,
And pauſe here in the middle;

The *Bridegroom* and the *Parſon* knock,
With all the *Hymeneal* flock,
The *Plum-cake* and the *Fidle*.

Whenas the Prieſt *Clarinda* ſees,
He ſtar'd as't had bin half his fees
To gaze upon her face:

And

And if the spirit did not move
His continence was far above
Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their hands,
And hampred them in marriage bands
As fast as fast might be,

Where still methinks, methinks I hear
That secret sigh in every ear,
Once love remember me!

Which done the Cook he knock'd amain
And up the dishes in a train
Come smoaking two and two;

With that they wip'd their mouths and sate,
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,
Aye marry and welcome too.

Inpayrs they thus impal'd the meat
Roger and *Marget*, and *Thomas* and *Kate*,
Rafe and *Bess*, *Andrew* and *Mandlin*.

And *Valentine* eke with *Sybil* so sweet, (meet
Whose cheeks on each side of her snuffers did
As round and as plump as a codling,

When

When at the last they had fetched their freez,
And mired their stomacks quite up to the knee
In claret for and good chear,

Then, then began the merry din,
For as it was thought they were all 'on the pin,
O what kissing and clipping was there!

But as luck would have it the *Parson* said grace,
And to frisking & dancing they shuffled apace,
Each lad took his Lasse by the fist,

And when he had squeez'd her, and gaum'd her until
The fat of her face ran down like a mill,
He toll'd for the rest of the grist.

In sweat and in dust having wasted the day
They enter'd upon the last act of the play,
The Bride to her bed was convey'd,

Where knee-deep each hand fell down to the ground
And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was found
'Twould have made a mans arm have stray'd.

This clutter ore *Clarinda* lay
Half bedded, like the peeping day
Behind *Olympus* cap
While

Whiles at her head each twittring Girle
The fatal ſtocking quick did whirle
To know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at laſt did ruſtle,
All *diſ-appointed* in the buſtle,
The Maidens had ſhav'd his breeches;

But let him not complain, 'tis well
In ſuch a ſtorm, I can you tell
He ſav'd his other ſtitches.

And now he bounc'd into the bed,
Even juſt as if a man had ſed
Fair Lady have at all;

Where twiſted at the hug they lay,
Like *Venus* and the ſprightly Boy,
O who would fear the fall?

Thus both with love's ſweet tapers fired,
And thouſand balmy kiſſes tyred,
They could not wait the reſt,

But out the folk and candles fled,
And to't they went; but what they did
There lies the cream o'th' jeſt.

The Myrtle-Grove.

IUst as the reeling Sun came sliding down
Among the *Moors*, and *Tethys* in a Gown
Of sea-green watchet settled to embrace
Her great *Apollo* from his circled race,
And the streak'd heavens did themselves digest
Into a larger *Iris*, to invest
And canopie th' illustrious lovely pair
In a *Diaphanous* Robe of costly aire:
Clarinda rose amidst the *Myrtle-Grove*,
Like the *Queen-mother* of the stars above.
But that *Clarinda*'s was no borrowd *Light*,
Nor could it, where she was bedeem'd a night.
Such was the natural glories she put on,
They ow'd no being to reflection.
Whiles the inspir'd *Musicians* of the wood.
Ravish'd at the new day, powr'd out a floud
Of quavering melody in honied strains
To court the glittering Deity of the plains.
Those pretty flow'ry beds of sweets that now
Had clos'd their heads up in an amber dew
Of teares, to mourn the drowsie Sun's good night,
Warm'd with a nobler ardor sprung upright,
And threw the mantles of dull sleep aside
In a displaid and meritorious pride,

To

To strew with rich perfumes her balmy way,
Which grew more fragrant by her active ray.
Thus sweetly woo'd *Clarinda* laid her down
On a curl'd quilt of roses, fondly grown
Proud of their own oppression, whiles they may
Kisse the dear burthen which upon them lay
Then skreen'd with harmony, she stretch'd along
Upon her *Damask Couch*, where a bright throng
Of *Graces* hover'd ore the firmament
Of her pure orbs drawn to a full extent.
Whiles a soft gale of wanton wind that blew
Did sport her willing glories into view.
But I poor dazled I, not daring here
T'attempt the splendor of each naked sphear,
Stood peeping through the *Opticks* of the shade,
Which to my sight a kind reflection made.
Her eyes half shut up in their christal case
Stood twinckling *Centinels* upon her face,
Or else to take the prospect of those fields
Of beauty which that flowing *Tempe* yields.
Her coral lips ten thousand smiles enthron'd,
Like clustred grapes which for a vintage groan'd.
The Ivory palace of her stately neck
Cloth'd with majestick aw, did seem to check
The looser pastime of her gamesome hair,
Which in wild rings ran trick about the ayre.
Her amorous brests swell'd to a lovely rise
Of dripping plenty a twinn'd *Paradise*

Of milk and honey, exhal'd my roving eye
Into a soul-ensnaring extasie.
And had I not recoil'd without delay
I there had wandred in the milky way.
Her belly like the *Ace of Clubs*; so white,
So black, the strutting pillow of delight,
So fired the catching tinder of my sense,
That I no longer *Student* could commence,
But streight weigh'd anchor & rack'd up the sail
To the main-yard, waiting a stiffer gale
To passe me through those tickliſh streights of
Into the full *Mediterranean*. (*Mah*
At last I plung'd into th' *Elyſian* charms,
Fast clasp'd by th' arched *Zodiack* of her arms
Those closer clings of love, where I partaked
Strong hopes of bliſſe, but so, O so I waked!

To my honoured friend Mr. T. C. that ask'd me how I liked his Miſtris being an old widow.

But prethee first how long hast bin
Lost in this sad estate of sin?
That the mild Gout, or Pox, or worse
Serves not to expiate thy curse?
Some Pestilence else may be thought upon,
And not such absolute damnation.
Are rocks and halters grown so dear
That there's no perishing but here?
Do no *Committee* yet survive
Those cheaper *Gregories* of men alive?

If

If thou wilt needs to Sea, O must it be
In an old *Galliasse* of sixty three?
A snail-crawl'd bottom? A gray Bark
That stood at Font for *Noah's Ark*?
Whose wrinkled Poop in figures furl'd
Describes her travels round the world?
A *Nut* wch when th'hast crack'd & fumbled ore
Thou'lt find the *Squiril* has bin there before?
Then raise thy Siedge from falling on.
That old dismantled garrison:
Rash Lover speak what pleasure hath
Thy *Spring* in such an *Aftermath*?
Who, were she to the best advantage spread,
Is but the dull husk of a maiden-head.
How canst thou then delight the sense
In beauties preterperfect tense?
And dote upon that free-stone face
Which wears but the records of grace?
Whose antick *Monastʼry* brags but a Chest
Of venerable *Reliques* at the best?
O can there such a famine be
Of piping-hot virginity,
That thou art forc'd to slur and cheat
Thy stomach with the broken meat?
Why he that wooes a *Widow* does no more
Then court that *Quagmire* where one sunk before
Fie, prize not then those *Arras-Looks* (
Sullied and thumb'd like *Town-hall-Books*!
I like thy fancy well to have
Its misery so near its Grave.

And tis a general shrift that most men use,
But yet tis tedious waiting dead mens shoes.
If 'twere thy plot I do confesse
For to make *Mummee* of her grease,
Or swop her to the Paper Mill,
This were extracting good from ill.
But if thou wedst on any worse condition,
Thou'lt prove *Delinquent* for thy *Superstition*.
But prethee hold, let me advise,
Perhaps she's rich and seems a prize,
New chalk'd, new rigg'd, a stately Friggot,
But yet she's tapp'd at lower spiggot.
Yet if no med'cine for thy grief be found,
There's small ods *Tom* 'twixt being hang'd or drown'd.

The Engagement Stated.

BEgon *Expositor*: the *Text* is plain
No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Sovereign*.
Away with mental reservations, and
Senses of Oaths in files out-vy the *Strand*.
Here's hell trus'd in a thimble, in a breath,
Dares face the hazard of the second death.
The Saints are grown *Laconians*, and can twist
Perjury up in pills like *Leyden* grist,
But hold precize *Deponents*: Though the heat
Of *Zeal* in *Cataracts* digests such meat,

My

My cold concoction ſhrinks, and my advance
Drives ſlowly to approach your *Ordinance*.
The ſigne's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns
Leonick, rowl'd in curls while *Terra* burns.
What though your fancies are ſublim'd to reach
Thoſe fatal reins? Succeſſe and will can teach
But raſh divinity. A ſad renown
Where one man fell to ſee a million drown.
When neither Arts nor Arms can ſerve to fight
And wreſt a *Title* from its law and right,
Muſt malice piece the *Trangum*? and make clear
The ſcruple? Elſe we will reſolve to ſwear?
Nay out-ſwear all that we have ſworn before
And make good leſſer crimes by acting more
And more ſublime? This, this extends the Line
And ſhames the puny ſoul of *Cataline*.
On this account all thoſe whoſe fortune's croſt,
And want eſtates, may turn *Knights* of the *Poſt*.
Vaulx we out-vy'd thee, ſince thy plot fell lame,
We found a cloſer *Celler* for the ſame,
Piling the fatal Powder in our mouths,
Which in an Oath diſcharg'd blew up the *Houſe*.
Maugre *Mounteagle*, aſps not throughly ſlain
Their poiſon in an age may live again.

Good

Good *Demas* cuff your Bear, then let us see
The myſtery of your iniquity.
May a man courſe a car? And freely box
The Queſtion? Or the formal paradox?
But as in Phyſick, ſo in this device
This querk of policy the point is nice.
For he that in this model means to thrive,
Muſt firſt ſubſcribe to the preparative;
Like Witches compact counter-march his faith,
And ſoak up all what ere the *Spirit* ſaith;
Then ſeal and ſign. *Sylla* threw three barres ſhort,
He had a ſword indeed, but no *Text* for't.
Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in ſin,
We perfect what thou trembled'ſt to begin,
Bluſh then to ſee thy ſelf out-done. But all
The world may grieve tis epidemical.
Heaven frowns indeed. But what makes hell enraged?
Sweet *Pluto* be at peace, we have Engaged.

Præ legenda to the ſucceeding Poem,
viz. *The Wife-hater.*

I.

Why Women were made.

WOman in the beginning (as 'tis ſaid)
To be an help to man was chiefly made;
Then

Then ought not women much to be commended,
Who answer th' end for which they were intended?
Women were made to help men, so they do,
Some unto sorrow, grief, diseases too;
Others do their kind husbands help to spend
Their whole estates, thus answer they their end.
Some help men unto more then they were born
To have (I mean) *Actæons* head and horn.

2.

Of what Woman was made.

Crooked condition'd Nature made her, when
She form'd her of the crookedst parts in men:
Nature first fram'd her of a mans rib, she
Then can't chuse but a crosse-grain'd creature be,
And ever since (it may not be deni'd)
Poor man hath subject been t' a stitch i'th' side.
Yet some there are who in a grateful mind,
Would soundly rib their husbands, could they find
A good tough Cudgel, and make this their answer,
They but restore what *Eve* stole from their Grandsire:
And 'tis a reason too (as 't hath been tri'd)
A bad wife sits so close to her husbands side.

What

3.

What they committed ſo ſoon as they were made.

No ſooner made, but ſhe runs into all,
Miſchief her ſelf, then cauſeth man to fall:
And now that judgement on their ſex is doubled,
They'r with a two-fold falling-ſickneſſe troubled.

4.

To what they are now likened.

Women in love and luſt compared be
Unto a pumice-ſtone, for that we ſee
Is full of holes; ſo they, when once in love,
Moſt hallow-hearted to their ſervants prove;
In love they like it are, 'cauſe they diſſemble,
But when they luſt moſt, they it moſt reſemble;
Play with a luſtfull girle, and you ſhall ſee,
How like unto the pumice-ſtone ſhee'l be,
Which way ſoe'r you do her troul,
You'll find againſt you ſtill an open hole.

VITUPERIUM UXORIS:

Or,

THE WIFE-HATER.

1.

HE that intends to take a wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of life
He must be sure to lead;
If shee's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves art,
Much teaching shee will need.

2.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way,
Nay, when he's at his treasure;
The gap perhaps will prove so straight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toile of's pleasure.

3.

Or if one old, and past her doing,
He will the Chamber-maid be wooing,
To buy her ware the cheaper;
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,
Argus himself sha'nt keep her,

4. For

4.

For when those things are neatly dreſt,
They'll entertaine each wanton gueſt,
Nor for your honour care
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to beare withall,
So you their charges bear

5.

Or if you chance to play your game
With a dull, fat, groſſe, heavy Dame,
Your riches to encreaſe,
Alaſſe! ſhe will but jear you for't,
Bid you to find out better ſport,
Lie with a pot of greaſe

6.

If meager——be thy delight,
She'll conquer in venereall fight,
And waſt thee to the bones
Such kind of girles like to your Mill.
The more you give, more crave they will,
Or elſe they'l grind the ſtones

7.

If black, 'tis ods ſhe's div'liſh proud,
If ſhort, Zantippe like, too loud,
If long, ſhe'll lazie be
Fooliſh (the Proverb ſaies) if faire,
If wiſe and comelie, danger's there,
Leſt ſhe doe Cuckold thee.

8. If

8.

If she bring store of money, such
Are like to dominеer too much;
Prove Mrs, no good wife,
And when they cannot keep you under,
They'll fill the house with scolding thunder,
What worse then such a life?

9.

But if her Dowry onely be
Beauty, farewell felicitie,
Thy fortunes cast away.
Thou must be sure to satisfie her
Bellie, and in back-desire,
To labour night and day.

10.

And rather then her pride give o're,
She'll turn perhaps an honour'd whore,
And thou'lt *Alleen'd* be,
While like *Alleen* thou maist weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
Such as devour thee.

11.

If being Noble thou dost wed
A servile creature, basely bred,
Thy family it defaces;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'll swear t'exalt a Courtlike horn,
Thy low descent it graces,

12.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knows not what may betide him;
She whom he did for learning honour,
To scold by book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

13.

If both her parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoil your future fortune;
But if departed th' are this life,
You must be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certain.

14.

If bravely dress't, fair fac'd, and witty,
She'll oft be gadding to the City,
Nor can you say her nay.
She'll tell you (if you her deny)
Since women have Terms she knows not why
But they still keep them may.

15.

If you make choice of Countrey ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's lesse fear,
But stupid honestie
May teach her how to sleep all night,
And take a great deal more delight,
To milk the Cowes then thee.

Concoction

16.

Concoction makes their bloud agree
Too near, where's consanguinity;
Then let no kin be chosen.
He loseth once part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure,
To th' arms of a first Cozen.

17.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at second hand,
Then chuse no widdowed mother;
The first cut, of that bit you love,
If others had, why main't you prove
But taster to another?

18.

Besides, if she bring children many,
'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, she ne're had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'll have none.
Whilst thou for weak-back goe

19. (ing

For there where other gardners have been sow-
Their seed, but ne're could find it growing,
You must expect so too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
So 'oreplow'd, you must it fallow lay,
And still for weak-back go

20. Then

20.

Then trust not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widdows place;
Those weaker vessels may
Spring-leak, or split against a rock,
And when your fames wrapt in a smock,
'Tis easily cast away.

21.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your soul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married wife.

He who considers this, may end the strife,
Confesse no trouble like unto a Wife.

AN

AN ELEGIE
ON
Mr. John Cleveland.

PRime Wits are prun'd the first: this may appear
By that high-valued Piece interred here;
Whose Laureat-Genius rapt with Sacred skill
Prov'd his Extraction from *Parnassus* Hill;
Whose Fame, like *Pallas* Flame, shone in each Clime,
Crowning his Fancy royally divine.
Rich in Elyxar'd measures, and in all
That could breath Sense in Ayrs Emphatical.
Pure love his Native Influence, a Lot
Given Him from Heav'n; No People save the *Scot*
But did affect him: —— These had lov'd Him too,
Had he school'd *Baseness* with a smoother brow:
But his refined temper scorn'd t' engage
His *Pen* to time, or humour any Age.
Compleat in all that might true Honour gain
Onely an Enemy to *Withers* Strain:
Holding it still the Prodigy of Time
To Canonize a Poet for a Ryme.
Free in Fruition of himself: Content,
In what dis-relish'd servile Sp'rits, *Restraint*.
Now some will say, His *Volume* was too small,
To rear an *Hermian* Arch or Escural

To his dilated Fame :—— O do not put
These frivolous Objections! *Homers* Nut
Inclos'd a *living Iliad.* 'Tis not much
Perpetuates our Memory, but such
As can act wonders: and apply a Cure
To States surprized with a Calenture:
And with their Quill, beyond all Chymick Art
Purge the Corruptions of a State-sick Heart
By *rare Phlebotomy*:——This Art was His,
Which made his Name so precious as it is.
Such was the Practice of a *Golden Time*
To spare the Person, *but to tax the* Crime.
Age is not summ'd by *years* but *hours*; as *Times*
So *Works* are ballanc'd not by *Leafs* but *Lines*;
Clitus affirm'd, and bound it with an Oath
That *Celsus* Poems were mere food for th' Moth
And for those *Manuscripts* which *Mevius* writ,
They might be styl'd the Surquedry of Wit.
Look home, and weigh the *Fancy* of these days
And you'l conclude, they merit equal praise.
A Title or a Frontispiece in Plate
Drawn from a Person of desertlesse State
Lures Legions of admirers.—— Wits must want
That hold a distance with the Sycophant.
Timists be only Thrivers: But a brain
That's freely generous scorns servile gain.
Such was this pure *Parnassian* whose clear nature
To gain a World could never brook to *flatter.*
Poize this *Imparallel*; and you will find
A Mine of treasures in a matchlesse mind.

No

"No more the Name of Cleavelahd ſpeaks to me
"A living Annal, dying Elegie

Upon the pitifull Elegy writ Lately on him, modeſtly taxed and freely Vindicated by the candid cenſure of an indeared Brother.

SInce thy remove from Earth, there came to me,
A Funeral Elegy addreſt to thee:
Elegiack made gracious by thy Name,
But too ſhort-lung'd *to parallel thy Fame.*
Laurel *and* Bays *were the Subjects of his Pen*
Whoſe muddy Muſe deſerved none of them.
A ſublimated Stile bereft of ſenſe,
Is like a brain-ſtrapt Juſtice *on a Bench,*
Whoſe tones are Thunder, Fury and Command,
But in a Dialect *none underſtand.*
Thy Native Fancy was no Lucian *Dream,*
Deriv'd from th' Cryſtal Rills of Hypocrene:
Thy free-born Genius *did it ſelf expreſſe*
In Phidias *Colours without foreign dreſſe.*
Much like the Damask Roſe, *but newly blown,*
And bluſheth in no Tincture but her own.
Such was thy Poeſie, *which th'* Albion State
May envy or admire, ſcarce imitate.
In pureſt Odes Bards *ſhould thy loſſe bemoan,*
And in ſurviving meaſures, or in none.

For these who want Art to imbellish worth,
Wrong them whom they endeavour to set forth.

" Sic perit ingenium, Genii ni pignora vitam
" Perpetuam statuant, & Monumenta struant.
" Aurea sic docilem coluerunt Secula vatem,
" Ordine *Pieridum* commemorando parem.

Anson.

The

THE

CHARACTER

Of a London Diurnal.

A *Diurnal* is a puny *Chronicle*, ſcarce pin-feather'd with the wings of *time*. It is an Hiſtory in *ſippits*, the Engliſh *Iliads* in a nut-ſhel; the *Apocryphal Parliaments* book of *Maccabees* in ſingle ſheets: It would tire a *Welch Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *aps* 'tis removed from an *Annal*: For it is of that *Extract*; only of the youngeſt *houſe*, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lobſter*. The *Original ſinner* in this kind was Dutch *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplaſt*; and the *modern Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Counteſſe of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year. It may be the *Legiſlative Lady* is of that lineage; ſo ſhe ſpawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Weſtminſter* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontiſpiece of the old *Beldame Diurnal*, like the *Contents* of the *Chapter*, ſitteth the *Houſe of Commons*, Judging the twelve tribes of *Iſrael*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy* before the *Weekly Kalendar*: For ſuch is a *Diurnal*, the day of the *moneth*, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is

taken for the pulse of the *Body Politick*, and the *Emporick Divines of the Assembly*, those *spiritual Dragoners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*: and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The *Country-Carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it staled bloud. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devil and his *Exorcist*; or as a *black Witch* doth from a *white* one, whose office is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law still born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royal assent*: 'Tis one of the *Parliaments by-blows* (Acts being legitimate) and hath no more Syre than a *Spanish Ginnet*, that is begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue only of the *Mother*, without the concourse of *Royal Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his *Clock* went true, whatever the *Sun* say to the contrary.

The next *Ingredients* of a *Diurnal* is *plots, horrible plots*, which with wonderfull sagacitie it hunts dry-foot; while they are yet in their *causes*, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdomes*, and (for all Sir *Wal-*

ter

ter *Earl* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of ſo much as a *cuſhion*. But *Actors* muſt have their *Properties*; and ſince the *Stages* were *voted* down, the only *Play-houſe* is at *Weſtminſter*.

Suitable to their *plots* are their *Informers*, *Skippers*, and *Taylors*, *Spaniels* both for the *land* and *water*: *Good conſcionable intelligence!* For however *Pim's* bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honeſt vermin* have not ſo much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barber* in *More-fields*, while he was contriving ſome *Quirpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *out-lying eares*, and the *Otacouſticon* of the *Spirit*, diſcovered ſuch a *Plot*, that *Selden* intends to combate *Antiquitie*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Gooſe* that preſerved the *Capitoll*.

I wonder my *Lord* of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to ſettle the *Commiſſion of Array* in the *Tower*. It would do well to cramp the *Articles Dormant*, beſides the opportunity of reforming thoſe *Beaſts of the Prerogative*, and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppoſe a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Iſaac a caſt of his office*, ſhould fall to paring his *Brows*, miſtaking the one end for the other, becauſe he branches at both. This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnall* would furniſh you with this ſcale of *Votes*. Re-

Resolved upon the Question, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*; in the *representative fore-head of Isaac*.

Resolved, that the *evill Councellours* about the *Corn-cutter* are popishly affected, and enemies to the *State*.

Resolved, that there be a *publick Thanksgiving* for the great deliverance of *Isaacs Brow-antlers*: and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter* and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *Windmills* of their own heads, quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make *plots* and then discover them: as who fitter to unkennel the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebells Romance* stories of a larger size than the ears of their *Sect*; able to strangle the belief of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'le present them in their order: and first as a *Whiffler* before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the stage with the first, traverst his ground, made a leg and *Exit*. The *Countrey people* took him for one, that by *Order* of the *Houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West* of *England*. Well! he is a nimble *Gentleman*, let him upon *Banks* his *horse* in a *saddle rampant*, and it is a great question, which part of the *Centaur* shewes better tricks.

There

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his equipage, into Monumental Ginger-bread; but it was crossed by the Female Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This Cubit and a half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, rout'd his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance as nearer hand Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope, Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Wallers* Knight-errantry: and because every *Mountebank* must have his *Zany*, throw him *Hazlerig* to set off the story; these two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes worshipped in the same Chapter, they hunt in their couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the Saints-bell.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the lease of his body.

First, *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-

killed

killed that half a bar, and yet it is thought the sullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these Manslayers never so near it.

The fame goes of a Dutch-Headsman, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head after execution should stand upon the shoulders; pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For as if he had the like knack too, most of those whom the *Diurnal* hath slain for him, to us poor Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning that melts the sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*: This is the *Citie-Champion*, and the *Diurnals Delight*, he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Oxcellency himself is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a Whip and a Bell: translate but the Scene to *Round-way Down*, There *Hazlerig's* Lobsters, were turned into Crabs and crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran to his wife for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of the arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwel*, one that hath beat up his Drums clean through the Old Testament; you may learn the Genealogie

of

of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment. The Muſter Maſter uſes no other Liſt than the firſt Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they obje& to the King the bringing in of Forrainers, when themſelves entertain ſuch an army of *Hebrews*? This *Cromwel* is never ſo valarous, as when he is making ſpeeches for the Aſſociation; which nevertheleſſe he doth ſomewhat ominouſly with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expe&ed *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He ſhould be a bird of prey too by his bloudy beak, his Noſe is able to try a young Eagle, whether ſhe be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that gliſters: What we wonder at in the reſt of them is naturall to him, to kill without bloud-ſhed: for the moſt of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glaſſe would ſhew him more Superſtition, He is ſo perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own *countenance*. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old *Monument*, then down goes *duſt* and *aſhes*: and the ſtouteſt *Cavalier* is not better. *O brave Oliver! Times Voider, Subſizer* to the *Worms*: in whom *Death* who formerly devoured our *Anceſtors*, new chews the cud. He ſaid grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marqueſſe* of *Newcaſtle*: nay, and the *Diurnal* gave you his *bill of fare*; but it proved a running ban-

banquet, as appears by the ſtory. Believe him as he whiſtles to his *Cambridge* Teem of *Committee-men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) muſt be read backwards. They rifle *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledge* is intailed upon him: There muſt be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as for *Abbeys*: a ſecure ſin whoſe offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hang'd for *Churcherobbery*, which gives it ſelf the benefit of the *Clergy*,

But for all *Cromwels* Noſe wears the *Dominical Letter*, compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an *holy-day*. This, this is the man of God; a ſanctified *Thunderbolt*, that *Burroughs*, in a proportionable blaſphemy to his *Lord of Hoſts*, would ſtyle him the *Archangel* giving battel to the *Devil*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them make a ſeverall *ſpecies*, ſo every one of his *Souldiers* is a diſtinct *Church*. Had theſe beaſts been to enter into the *Ark*, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of ſand, it was ſo many Sects twiſted into an *Aſſociation*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in underſtanding. It is the ſign of a *coward* to *wink* and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds; it is not by traduction: if he was begotten a Saint, it was by equivocal generation: for the Devil in the father, is turn'd Monk in the ſon: ſo his godlineſſe is of the ſame parentage with good Laws, both extracted of bad manners, and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and ſay to Corruption, *Thou art my Father.*

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by clouding our Mother-Univerſity; and (if this Scotch miſt further prevail) will extinguiſh this other. He hath the like quarrel to both, becauſe both are ſtrung with the ſame, *Optick nerve, Knowing Loyalty.* Barbarous Rebel! who will be revenged upon all Learning, becauſe his Treaſon is beyond the mercy of the book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talkt much of Victories; but there is the more behind: For the Knight muſt alwayes beat the Giant: that's reſolved. If any thing fall out amiſſe, which cannot be ſmothered, the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw, it is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Daniſh Fleet*, or brewing it with ſome ſucceſſe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal*, as *Brereton* and *Gell*, two of *Mars* his petty-toes; ſuch ſnivelling Cowards, that

that it is a favour to call them so. Was *Ireton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembled the *Beast*, he would have odd of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible slaughter-man at a Thanksgiving Dinner: had he been *Cannibal*, to have eaten those that he vanquisht, his Gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State-Sophie* distinguisht) in his politick capicity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the house he sate in; as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining Cause; a new branch of the Old *Oak of Reformation.*

And now I speak of Reformation, *vouz avez Fox*, the Tinker, the liveliest embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole, they made three?

But I have not Ink enough to cure all the Tetters and Ring-worms of the State.

I will close up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*, who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last but a Trinmvirate of Bladders. Such and so empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnal*, but so many impostumated

Fan-

Fancies, ſo many bladders of their own blowing.

The Character of a Countrey Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequeſtrator.

A Committee-man by his name ſhould be one that is poſſeſſed; there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion; he is *Perſona in concreto* (to borrow the Soleciſme of a modern Stateſman) you may tranſlate it by the Red Bull phraſe, and ſpeak as properly, enter ſeven Devils *ſolus*. It is a well-truſs'd title, that contains both the number and the Beaſt. For a Committee-man is a Noun of multitude; wrapped in a pair-royal of Sixes: Thus the name is as monſtrous as the man, a compleat notion of the ſame lineage with accumulative treaſon: For his office is the Heptarchy of *Englands* Fritters: it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is great; for it is here as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and he rings the change; there is the plurality of Crowns to one head, joyn them together, and there is a harmony in diſcord, the triple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the reliques of Regal Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out bulks the ſubſtance whereof he is a remnant:

There

There is a ſcore of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Croſſe, there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands that wields the Scepter, the tyrannical Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every curſe drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be wayed, whoſe conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and make *Nero* the queſtion, better a *Nero* than a Committee. There is leſſe execution by a ſingle bullet, than by caſe-ſhot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured officer, he muſt be drawn like *Janus* with Croſſe and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him martially and he is a Juſtice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Buff, & will needs be of the *Quorum* to the beſt Commanders; he is one of *Mars* his Lay-Elders, he ſhares in the Government, though a Non-conformiſt to his bleeding Rubrick; he is the like Sectary in arms, as the Platonick, is in love, keeps a flattering diſcourſe, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an Emblem of the golden Age (and ſuch indeed he makes it) to him, when ſo tame a Pidgeon may converſe with Vulturs. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandileers dangling about a fur'd Alderman, have an Anagram re-

ſem-

semblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garrison where there authority perches, but the more prepofterous, the more in fashion: the right hand fights, while the left rules the reins: the truth is, the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governours Mattrosse to fit his truckle, to raise assessements in the neighbouring wapentake. The country people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unless she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; so the poor souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sacred Crocodile. So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard then a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his *face of Arms* is like his *coat*, *partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a scantling. Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face, a squeezing look like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were breeding over a close-stool.

Take him thus, and he is in the inquisition of the purse an authentick Gypsie, that nips

your Bung with a canting Ordinance, not a murthered fortune in all the *country*, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body Politick, that swells it self to the consumption of the whole. At first indeed he ferreted for the Parliam. but since he hath got off his cope, he set up for himself, he lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a good standing-dish too, he verifies the Axiom, *Iisdem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondred often why the plundring Country men should repair to him for succour; certainly it is under the same notion, as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Mal cut-purse*, as the predominant in that faculty. He out dives a dutchman; gets a noble of him that was never worth six-pence, for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch like he will be dreyning even the driest ground; he aliens a delinquents estate with as little remorse, as his holiness giveth away an Hereticks Kingdome, and for the truth of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commission; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him, like Dollars changed into single mony. To speak the truth, he is the universal Tribunal: for since these times all causes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection

faction all diſeaſes turn oft to the Plague. It concerns our Maſters the *Parliament* to look about them, if he proceedeth at this rate, the Jack may come to ſwallow the Pike; as the Intereſt often eats out the Principall. As his commands are great, ſo he looks for a reverence accordingly. He is punctuall in exacting your hat, and to ſay right, it is his due: but by the ſame title as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when ſuch a gittel would hardly have been taken upon ſuſpicion for men in Office, unleſſe the old Proverb were renewed, that the Beggars make a free Company, and thoſe their Wardens. You may ſee what it is to hang together; look upon them ſeverally, and you cannot but fumble out ſome threds of charity: But O they are Harmagants in conjunction! like Fidlers who are Rogues when they go ſingle, and joyned in conſort, gentlemen Muſicianers. *I* care not much if I untwiſt my Committee-man, and ſo give him a receit of this grand Catholicon.

Take a State-Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the Exciſe of his ears, ſo ſuffered captivity by the Land-Piracy of Ship-money, next a Primitive Freeholder, one that hates the King, becauſe he is a Gentleman, tranſgreſſing the *Magna Charta* of delving *Adam*. Adde to theſe a mortified Bankrupt, that helps out his falſe weights with ſome ſcruples

of Conſcience, and with his peremptory ſcales can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel*. Theſe with a new blu-ſtokin'd Juſtice, lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a ſhort-handed Clerk, tackt to the rear of him to carry the Knapſack of his underſtanding, together with two or three equivocall Sirs, whoſe Religion, like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore ſpiritual, becauſe they are earthly; nor forgetting the man of the Law, whoſe corruption gives the *Hogon* to the ſincere Juncto. Theſe are the ſimples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch hotch-potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, or rather a Setter-hight, a Sequeſtrator, of whom you may ſay, as of the great Sultans horſe, where he treads, the Graſs grows no more. He is the States-Cormorant, one that fiſhes for the publick, but feeds himſelf; the miſery is, he fiſhes without the Cormorants property, a rope to ſtrengthen the gullet, and to make him diſgorge. A Sequeſtrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the ſign with him is always in the clutches. There are more Monſters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is ſtrange Phyſicians do not apply him to the ſoles of the feet in a deſperate Feavour, he draws far beyond Pigeons: *I* hope ſome Mountebanck will ſlice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer

drawer once removed; here is the difference, one applauds the Grinder, the other the Griſt. Never till now could *I* verifie the Poets deſcription, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane viſage. Death it ſelf cannot quit ſcores with him; Like the Demonaick in the Goſpel, he lives among Tombs; nor is all the Holy water ſhed by Widows and Orphans, a ſufficient Exorciſm to diſpoſſeſſe him. Thus the Cat ſucks your breath, and the fiend your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, ſo ſagely inſtituted with their terror, wean the Familiars

But once more to ſingle out my imboſt Committee-man, his fate (for *I* know you would fain ſee an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and ſo the ſpung weeps out the moiſture which he ſoaked before; Or elſe he meets his paſſing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garriſon; For the hedg-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he miſtakes his commons, and bites off her head. Whatever 'tis, it is within his deſert: For what is obſerved of ſome creatures, that at the ſame time they trade in productions three ſtories high, ſuckling the firſt, big with the ſecond, and clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counterpoint, his miſchief is ſuperfetation, a certain ſcale of deſtruction; for he ruines the Father,

beggers the Son, and ſtrangles the hopes of all poſterity.

A Letter to a Friend, Diſſwading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.

SIR,

THough no mans armes can be opened wider to receive you on ſhore, and give you poſſeſſion of this breſt, yet I know not whether with the uſuall complement, *I* may welcome you home, as doubting your Countrey may have mewed that relation in ſo long an abſence, ſhe having expos'd her nobleſt Iſſue, being conviction enough to make you diſclaim her. Beſides, there is ſuch a new face of things ſince your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the *Inhabitant*, is now the Kingdomes, *To be a ſtranger at whom*, inſomuch as were you deſign'd for a ſecond Journey, it might be part of your buſineſs to travel other Countries in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an Alien in her looks, that moſt of her Off-ſpring dare not ask her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizen of her ſelf, you would think her to be ſome floating *Iſland*, that had made a voyage only to truck for an outlandiſh viſage. Some, who have ſpell'd her lineaments, ſay ſhe copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to inſtance our *Hogan* Governours. *It* is in a broken

ken Kingdom, as in a crack'd Lookin-glaſſe, where inſtead of one face, that Monarch-like, ſhould repreſent the whole, you may ſee variety of leſſer ones glimmering in its room, and the Aſpects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then, a forreigner ſhe is, and her complexion borrowed; ſo that as our new Philſophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of the State of ours, and the Royall train that you were part of. It was the Kingdom wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Country reels from its ſetled poſture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandon'd it ſelf. In this caſe, though it be a fallacy in the ſence, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility *I* might reverſe your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations: for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoil, but by way of repriſall you took in others. The Dominions you viſit you carry along with you, and by a victorious induſtry make them pay tribute to your underſtanding: not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return ſo empty, & without their errand, as if their travell, like Witches in the air, were

nothing but the waſtage of a deluded phantaſie, perſwading themſelves that they circle the Globe, when the Card they ſail by, is nothing elſe but a ſlumbering impoſture. But methinks we are too grave Sir; what if we unbend a while, and tell you, that in all your Errantry, there is no Adventure ſo much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it ſelf were more exotick, or the form of accoſting it: For although it be naturall for Jealouſie to ſtudy Fornication, and every Cuckcold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Miſtreſſe fenc'd with a port-cullice, or an amorous viſit manag'd with the caution, which ſuſpicious Kings uſe in an interview. This manner of greeting may not unfitly be termed *Cupids* barriers, breathing exerciſe rather then a combat, where the dallying Champions have a rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermoſt. Had your old Romancing ſpirit poſſeſt you, the brandiſh'd blade would have freed the Lady from her inchanted durance; nor had you been leſſe concerned in the reſcue, than the fair Recluſe; for who, that blows ſhort in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience ſhould be ſever'd from his hopes by a few evious bars, would not feel himſelf like another S. *Laurence* broyl'd on a Gridiron? But ſee how cuſtomes

ſtomes may vary with the clime; as there are ſome Regions who ſalute one another by putting off their ſhoos inſtead of their hats; ſo it ſeems where you have been, there is as different a form of impriſonment: the Priſoner is at large and without the grate wiſhing for admittance, and ſhe, at whoſe ſuit his ſoul is arreſted, cloſe clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this grate thoſe *Chryſom*--lovers called *Platonicks*, had their firſt training, thoſe queaſie gamſters that diet themſelves with the very notion of mingling ſouls, without putting their bodies to farther brokage than kiſſing of hands, and twiſting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of thoſe puling ſtomacks, you have an appetite for a whole Cloiſter. It is but trifling ſports for you to pull down the Out-lier unleſſe you leap the pale, and let ſlip at the herd. I wonder what exorciſme the Abbeſſe uſed to get quit of the *Incubus*; for had ſhe not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turned the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in ſober ſadneſſe why a *Nun*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that ſolitary creek! Princes ſeldome treat of Matches, but in forreign Dominions; your affection takes greater ſtate, as fixing upon one of another world: had your paſſion been centred on the beauty of her ſoul,

I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion, ſuch a love might juſtly have been chriſtened by the name of Zeal, being ſetled on a perſon, on whom to be enamoured is in a ſort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not ſome who ſuſpect your Religion, leſt equivocating from the beauty of her perſon, to that of her profeſſion, you ſhould turn Monaſtick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather ſolicitous for the Church in generall, for fear leſt with *Luther* you ſhould marry a *Nun*, and ſo with him to make her a Joincture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, conſider I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is ſo ſpent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even ruſt and rottenneſſe are flouriſhed over with a ſeeming verdure; Not one of all thoſe beldam hereſies, that did pennance formerly by the doom of the Ancients, but hath caſt her skin ſince theſe confuſions, and giveth her ſelf out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may ſpare this piece of councell: I dare be your compurgator for medling with Religion. That which fir'd your ſpirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aſpiring frenzy, but by making to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did

you

you frame your courtſhip? Laick applications are here ſcandalous, nor will it avail to ſay you languiſh without compaſſion: A ſenſuall man is able to vitiate the veſtall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope, uſe to canonize their Miſtreſſes, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them; will you run counter to that conſecration, and degrade a Saint by morall addreſſes? If you have no room in your Kalendar for perſons upon earth, yea do not prophane a Probationer of heaven, as if the readieſt way to rectifie Superſtition, were with our Modern Reformers, to bow it into Atheiſme. Let me adviſe you Sir, to retrieve your ſelf back from this carnal ſacriledge. Catch not at *Heroſtratus* his fame, by ſetting fire on the Temple; and diſpute not a ſhape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in cauſing a ſecond fall of Angels: Nay, never ſtart Sir, nor look about at the expreſſion; for I perſwade my ſelf, that thoſe Divines, who allot to each of us a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, ſhould they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in ſuch a perſon how to diſtinguiſh between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble Friend, that what my Phantaſie ſuggeſted upon this ſubject, I would mould into number; but I muſt begg

your

your pardons, it being a requeſt with which to comply were to be your fellow-criminall, and by a conformity of guilt to pervert a votary; for even my Muſe is vowed and yield too, ſhe is ſet apart for the ſervice of my Miſtreſſe, and wh- is that, but even true Religion. The truth is, ſhe is ſo charilie confined to that ſole employment, that ſhould I in verſe attempt to yield you an accompt, how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a diſtick, whereas in tranſitorie proſe, were *I* Maſter of all thoſe Languages, which *I* make no queſtion but you have gain'd by your travels, *I* ſhould hold them all too few to give you ſufficient aſſurance that *I* am,

Sir,

Your moſt faithfull.

LETTERS.

SIR,

THough *I* have no reaſon to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garriſon, yet *I* thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday laſt, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my ſervant, entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133-0-8. this preciſe ſumm *I* was willing you ſhould know, ſuppoſing your

your wiſdome might own the monies, though your honeſties could hardly allow the act. Wch if ſo, & that hereafter we ſhall find it no ſin to violate, your ſanctuary, & upon the audit find the receipt, we may happily count it a loan, & not a loſs, it being in hands reſponſible for greater matters: & now Sir, let me ſpeak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his juſt reward, prefer him, or ſend him hither, and we ſhall; if you dare not truſt him, let him be truſſed; if you dare, *I* ſhall wiſh you more ſuch ſervants, and for that onely reaſon excuſe me for the preſent, that *I* dare not ſay *I* am yours.

W. E.

The Anſwer.

SIxtly, beloved is it ſo, that our brother, and fellow labourer in the Goſpel is ſtart aſide? then this may ſerv for an uſe of inſtruction, not to truſt in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Oneſimus* run from his maſter *Philemon*? Alſo this ſhould teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers it had been juſt, then the *Iſraelite* had ſpoiled the Egyptian: but for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*, that-that-! You ſee what uſe Sir, *I* make of your doctrine you ſent to me, and indeed ſince you change ſtile ſo far as to nibble at Wit, you muſt pardon it to quit ſcores; *I* pretend a little to a

gift

gift in preaching, Sir, *I* expected to hear from you in the phraſe of the loſt Groat, and the prodigal Son, and ſuch a *tantum* of language, but *I* perceive your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, but now and then a little harlottry Rhetorick: you ſay that your man is entred our Ark, *I* am ſorry you are ſo ignorant in Scripture as to let him come ſingle; The text had been better ſatisfied, if you had pleaſed to bear him companie, for then the beaſts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it ſeems, a 133.0.8. ſure the Hue and Crie had good Lungs, it would have been out of breath elſe, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the ſum, but why you call it the preciſe ſum, ſince it is fallen away, I underſtand not: but how come you to reckon ſo punctually; Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table-Dormant? What year of the perſecution of the Saints? *I* wonder you did not rather count it by the ſhekels, that is the more ſanctified coin. *I* take it you are miſtaken in the ſanctuarie you ſpeak of; For that which your man hath taken is *Wellbeck*, one of our Chappels of eaſe, not the Mother Church, our Garriſon of *Newarke*. But the beſt is, they are both without the reach of your ſacriledge. Whereas you count the loſſe but a loan, we ſhall grant as a debt, but bearing the ſame date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. *I* ſuſpect your hand

was

was troubled with the palſey when you wrote of a Judge: your man how ever ſhall find me an advocate, ſo what ſay you to an occaſionall meditation? Reflect but on your ſelf, how you have uſed our common maſter, and *I* doubt not but then you will pardon your man, he hath but tranſcribed and copied out the diſloyaltie of his maſter, as his fraternity hath taught him: and to conclude with your own; *I* wiſh you more ſuch ſervants, and more ſuch ſums, to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloined.

J. C.

SIR,

HAd not indulgent mercie provided for troubled ſpirits, ſacred oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive ſomething worthy of laughter? how eaſilie had the expence of your wit been truſſed up in an Egg-ſhell. *I* dare not trace in holie ground, it is not ſafe nibling there; you ſee what doctrine *I* make of your uſe. But yet ſo far as yours is prophane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though *I* dare undertake, like a mighty Coloſs (whoſe verie motion doth *Cleave-Land* like *terram findere*) to devoure indigeſted lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morſel, & then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inkle by the yard, all in Characters, & by couples entring the ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble: and *I*'le allow you the gift in preaching.

ing Pitie it is the proviſion of ſo many ſavorie leſſons, wholſome inſtructions, even ſo manie pious Collections, as might worthilie have entituled you to the comfortable ſubſiſtance of a well gleb'd Vicaridge, beſides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tel how great ſuch a divine knowledge as might enable you to prophane everie leaf of holie Writ, unknown ſanctitie, and a conſcience ſo tender I dare not touch; Pitie it is ſuch accompliſh'd gifts, and prodigious Parts ſhould be miſ-imploy'd in ſecular affaires, ſuch an holie Father might have begot as manie babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our partie hath of late done Garriſons, and converted as many ſouls as *Chaucers* Frier, with the ſhoulder-bone of the loſt ſheep. But you ſay you expected: *I* thought you had had more than you expected, but however you expected penitentiall language, and humble ſtile. The groat *I* will not meddle with, 'tis holie coin, and addreſſe full of complaints. Sir, we (like your ſelves) can ſpeak big of our loſſes, and yet with more ingenuitie confeſſe them; though *I* for modeſtie will not ask you who ſtole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King; but of that--for that preciſe ſum, *I* ſee you are willing to quarrel at preciſeneſſe, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very---How you quarrell at your good, had

had you miſtaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage before he arrived at our Chappel of eaſe, I would not you ſhould have abated him a fourth part for his forwardneſſe, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majeſties good Garriſon of *Newark*; I ſhould have liked the ſecurity well, and when your works had failed ro ſave you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not profaneſſe can compact with mud, to calt up a trench of ſecuritie, attempt not, though a gyant, to reach at ſtars, to throw that Proverb at you,

Be wiſe on this ſide Heaven.

The Anſwer.

THe Philoſopher that never laughed but once, when he ſaw an Aſſe mumbling of thiſtles, would have broke his ſpleen at the rejoynder of yours, for who would not take that for an Emblem of this, obſerving how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letters, leſt it ſhould prick your chaps. But ſomething muſt needs be reply'd: Repetitions are uſuall with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your Letter as a ſpittle-Sermon, where I perceive

your ambition, how you would prove your ſelf a clean beaſt, becauſe you know how to chew the cud: For the firſt ſentence, where you ſpeak of troubled ſpirits, and ſacred Oracles, you talk as if you were in *Doll Commons* extaſie, certainly your ſpirit is troubled, elſe your expreſſions had not run ſo muddy: for never was Oracle more ambiguous, if poſſible, to be reconciled to ſenſe. The wit which you ſay may be truſſed up in an egg-ſhell, I fear your oval crown hath ſcarce capacity to contain: your diſclaim being a Coloſſe content, I have as diminitive thoughts of you as you pleaſe. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen ſhall make of you accordingly, three throws for a peny. But you cannot *Cleave Land* like *terram findere*. O what a chargeable commodity is wit at *Grantham*, where the poor writer playes the Pimp, and jumbles to Languages together in unlawfull ſheets for the production of a quibble. But I applaud your cunning, the more unknown the town is you jeſt in, your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave* the *Land*? tread but hard, and your cloven foot will leave it's impreſſion; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglers, indeed hard words are the Juglers Dialect, but take heed, the time may come, when unleſſe you play *preſto be gone*, your run-away-King may cauſe you Juglers wife to diſgorge your fate, and vomit

a rope instead of Inkle. But to eccho your compassion and return you an inventory of your good party, it is not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the sick mans salve, and crums of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meat in Divinity; It is not pity such a pious gogle at the Eye, such a melodious twang at the nose, such a splay-mouth drawn dry, as it were, edifying the ear in private, besides the cheverall lungs which will stretch forth so far as seventeenthly; Is it not pity these gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a tub-lecture, and in time have enlarged your Diocesse as that of Hideberie, that those ineffable parts that passe all understanding, should thus be sequestred from the primitive use, and of a godly Lance-presade in the Church militant, be converted to a brother of the Blade, such a walking Directorie, such a zealous *Roger* as this, might have saved more souls then ever *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Asse: your pen is coy, and you wave the holy ground; and the holy coin with a squemish preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Hotham*'s barn is not as good a Congregation as Saint *Paul*'s; for the holycoin you

must pardon me if I suspect the chastity of your fingers. I am sure those of your party have been troubled with fellons; witnesse the Church-revenues, and several sacriledges that cannot be paired off with your nails; But there is another reason why I abstain from the ignominie of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your monie, but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters; the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must passe for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of securitie, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it, and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your Faith, whereby you hold your selves able to remove mountains: for your advice, not to throw stars at your head, I embrace it, for what need I, as long as there is goose-shot to be had for monie, my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be alwaies antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant I accept it, only I am sorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self,

Sir,

Your Servant,

Jo. Cl.

THE CHARACTER OF A *DIURNAL-MAKER*.

A *Diurnal-Maker* is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Regiſter, one, whom by the ſame figure, that a North-Countrey Pedler is a Merchant-man, you may ſtyle an Authour: It is the like over-reach of language, where every thin tinder-cloaked Quack, a Doctor, when a Clumſie Cobler uſurps the attribute of our Engliſh Peers, and is vamped a Tranſlator, lift him a Writer and you ſmother *Geoffrey* in ſwabberſlobs, the very name of *Dabbler* over-ſets him, he is ſwallowed up in the praiſe like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Saddle, nothing to be ſeen but the giddy Feather in his Crovvn. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithete, like the little *Negro* mounted on the Elephant, juſt ſuch another blot-rampant. He has not ſtuffings ſufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old vvives skin, vvhen the fleſh hath forſaken her, lank and looſe. He deſames a good title, as vvell as moſt of our modern Noble-men.

those Wennes of greatnesse, the Body-politicks most peccant humours, blistred into Lords. He hath so rawboned a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out, and makes raggs of the expression. The silly Countrey-man (who seeing an Ape in a scarlet coat, blest his young worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his house) did not slander his Complement with worse application, then he that names this shred an Historian. To call him an Historian, is to Knight a Mandrake, it is to view him through a perspective, and by that grosse Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly passe muster with a Scotch Stationer in a sieve-full of Ballads and godly Beuks. He would not serve for the brest-plate of a begging Græcian. The most cramp *Compendium* that the age hath seen since all learning was torn into ends, out-strips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a play, but never saw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin: not unlike to a Rat, which some imagine to be the Off-spring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Presse, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer,

Writer, when those weakly fragments shall passe for History? let the poor-mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the almes-basket a Magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalp of voluminous *Hollinshed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle, then his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of *William Prinne* would serve for a winding-sheet for that mans work, like thick-skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the Authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The Cook, who served up the Dwarf in a Pie (to continue the frolick) might have lapped up such an Historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack well-willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphleteer, the *Pedet* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a History, slinked before maturity; How should he record the issues of time, who himself is an Abortive? I will not say but he may passe for an Historian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of size of those knot-grasse professors; What a pitiful Seminary was there projected, yet suitable enough to the present Universities, those dry-Nurses, which the providence of the age has so fully reformed, that they are turned Reformadoes. But that is no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxime observable in these

dayes, that the only way to winne the game, is to play *petty-Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill: for he hath the grudging of *Hiſtory*, and ſome yawnings, accordingly. Writing is a diſeaſe in him, and holds like a quotidian, ſo it is his infirmity that makes him an Author: As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling ſickneſſe to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer who filed a chaine ſo thinne and light that a Flea could trail it (as if he had worked ſhort-hand, and taught his tooles to cipher) did but contrive an Emblem for this skip-Jack and his ſlight productions.

Me thinks the *Turk* ſhould licence Diurnals, becauſe he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnals is a Wardrobe of frippery, it is a juſt Idea of the Limbo of Infants. I ſaw one once that could write with his toes, by the ſame token I could have wiſhed he had worne his copies for ſocks, it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnals derive their pedigree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being ſhuffled out at the beds-feet of Hiſtory. To what infinite numbers an Hiſtorian would multiply, ſhould he crumble into Elves of this profeſſion? *Legioned Pymme*, whoſe fleſh bred ſuch a world of Executors, as being made of the roe of a Herring, of nothing elſe

elſe but compacted nits, did not disband his body in more varietie. To ſupply this ſmallneſſe they are fain to joyn forces, ſo they are not ſingly, but as the cuſtome is, in a croaking Committee; They tug at the Pen, like ſlaves at the Oare a whole bunk together, they write in the poſture that the *Sweeds* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is ſaid there is more of them go to a ſuit of Cloaths, than to a *Britannicus*; In this Polygamy the Cloaths bred, and cannot determine whoſe iſſue is lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiſſe to take a particular how he is accoutered, and ſo doe by him, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-eyed Mare, or the crop-ſica-bitten; give you the marks of the beaſt. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap ſhould make affidavit, that the brain was pregnant. To what purpoſe doth the *Pia Mater* lie in ſo duly, in her white formalities, ſure ſhe hath hard labour, for the browes have ſqueezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bonegrace, that film of a demicaſter, it is ſo thinne and unctuous, that the Sunbeams miſtake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him; ſo it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the ſhine, and flaps in the ſhade. What ever it be, I wiſh it were able to call in his eares; there is no proportion betwixt that head

and

and appurtenances? those of all Luggs are no more fit for that small Noddle of the circumcision, than brasse bosses for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling newtralitie is that poor soule that moves betwixt two such ponderous biasses. His collar is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *bond*, it is the forlorne of his shirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it is time that his shirt were jogging, for it hath served him an (apprentiship, and as prentices use) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill and the next week sets up for it self in the shape of a *Pamphlet*; His *Gloves* are the shavings of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the itch represents the broken seals. His Boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned the silver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hose tops. For the rest of his habit he is a perfect Seaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his course composition these Poledavics papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anotamy-Lecture, and it fares with mee in this of the *Diurnall-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my subject smells before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word

word *Historian* imports a sage and solemn Author, one that curles his brow with a sullen gravity, like a Bull necked Presbyter, since the Army hath got off his jurisdiction, who Presbyter-like sweeps his breast with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this that is troubled with the Rickets, and makes pennyworths of History. The Colledg Treasury, that never had in bank above a *Harry* groat, shut up there in a melancholy solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession, had as good evidence to shew for his title, as he for an Historian: so if he needs will be an Historian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Historian *Scot*. Now a Scotchmans tongue runs high *Fullames*, there is a cheat in his Ideom, for the sence ebbs from the bold expression, like the Citizens *Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but *half-a-pint*. In summe, a *Diurnal-maker* is the antimark of an Historian, he differs from him as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in the Saints gibberish) as a *Hinter* doth from a *Holder-forth*.

FINIS.

CLEAVELANDS PETITION

To His

HIGHNESSE

The Lord

PROTECTOR.

May it please your Highneſs,

RUlers within the Circle of their Government have a claim to that which is ſaid of the Deity, *They have their Center every where, and their Circumferenee no where.* It is in this confidence that I addreſſe to your *Highneſſe*, as knowing no place in the Nation is ſo remote, as not to ſhare in the ubiquity of your care; no Priſon ſo cloſe as to ſhut me up from partaking of your influence. My Lord, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement

tirement from being engaged in the diff-
rence of the State, having wound my self
up in a private receſſe, and my comport-
ment to the publick, being ſo inoffenſive,
that in all this time, neither fears nor jea-
louſies have ſcrupled at my actions: Being
about three months ſince at *Norwich*, I was
fetched with a guard before the Commiſ-
ſioners, and ſent Priſoner to *Yarmouth*, and
if it be not a new offence to make inquiry
wherein I offended (for hitherto my faults
are kept as cloſe as my perſon,) I am indu-
ced to believe, that next to the adherence
to the Royal party, the cauſe of my con-
finement is the narrowneſſe of my eſtate:
*for none ſtand committed whoſe eſtate can bail
them*; I only am the Priſoner, who have
no Acres to be my hoſtage. Now if my
poverty be Criminal (with Reverence be
it ſpoken,) I muſt implead your *Highneſs*,
whoſe victorious Arms have reduc'd me
to it, as acceſſary to my guilt. Let it ſuffice,
my Lord, that the calamity of the Warre
hath made us poor; do not puniſh us for it,
Whoever did pennance for being raviſhed? Is
it not enough that we are ſtript to bare,
but

but it must be made in order to a severe Lash? must our scars be engraven with new wounds? must we first be made Cripples, then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty, if it be a fault, it is its own punishment; Who suffers for it more, pays use upon use. I beseech your *Highnesse* put some bounds to our overthrow, and no not pursue the chase to the other World; Can your thunder be level'ed so low as our groveling Conditions? Can that towering spirit, that hath quarried upon Kingdomes, make a stoop at us who are the rubbish of those ruines? Methinks I hear your former Atchievements interceding with you not too fully your glories, with trampling on the prostrate, nor clogge the wheels of your Chariot with so degenerous a Triumph. The most renowned *Heroes* have ever with such tenderneſſe cherished their *Captives*, That their swords did but cut out work for their courtesie; Those that fell by, their proweſſe, sprung up by their favours as if they had struck them down, onely

to

to make them rebound the higher. I hope your *Highneſſe* as you are the Rival of their fame, will be no leſſe of their vertues; the nobleſt Trophee that you can erect to your Honour is to raiſe the afflicted. And ſince you have ſubdued all oppoſition, it now remains that you attach your ſelf, and with acts of Mildneſſe vanquiſh your victory. It is not long ſince, my Lord, that you knocked off the Shackles from moſt of our party, and by a grand releaſe did ſpread your clemency as large as your territories. Let not new proſcriptions interrupt our Jubilee. Let not that your lenity be ſlandered as the ambuſh of your further rigour. For the ſervice of his *Majeſty* (if it be objected) I am ſo far from excuſing it, that I am ready to alledge it in my vindication: I cannot conceive that my fidelitie to my Prince ſhould taint me in your opinion; I ſhould rather expect it ſhould recommend me to your favour; Had not we been faithful to our *King*, we could not have given our ſelves to be ſo to your *Highneſſe*; you had then truſted us *gra-*

tis,

tis; whereas now we have our former Loyaltie to vouch us. You see my Lord, how much I presume upon the greatnesse of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with so frank a Confession, especially in this, which I may so justly denie; that it is almost arrogancie in me to own it; for the truth is, I was not qualifi'd enough to serve him; all that I could do, was to bear a part in his sufferings, and give my self up to be cherished with his fall; thus my charge is double (my obedience to my Soveraign, and what is the result of that, my want of a fortune;) Now whatever reflections I have on the former; I am a true penitent for the latter; My Lord, you see my crimes! As to my defence you bear it about you! I shall plead nothing in my justification, but your *Highnesse* Clemencie, which as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast, (if you graciously please to extend it to your Suppliant in taking me out of this withering durance,) your

Highnesse will find that mercie will establish you more than power; though all the dayes of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auspicious third of *September*.

Your Highnesse humble, and submissive Petitioner

J. C.

CLEAVELANDS LETTER

To the Earl of

WESTMORLAND.

My Lord,

IT were high presumption in me not to be proud of this occasion; and I should be no lesse then a Rebel to eloquence, if the lines you sent me had not raised me above my ordinary Level: So that to expresse my gratitude, I must renounce my humility, and purchase one virtue at the price of another. And well may my modestie suffer in the service, when my reason it self is overwhelmed with the favour: To see a Person of your Lordships eminencie possest of nobilitie by a double Tenure, both of birth and brain, so to bend his greatnesse as to

ſtoop to me, (who live in the vale both of parts and fortune) is ſo high an honour, that who juſtly conſiders it, if he be not ſtupidly ſenſleſſe, will be ſenſleſſe with extaſie. I for my part am loſt in amazements; and it is mine intereſt to be ſo: for not knowing otherwiſe, how to give your preſent a fit reception, it is the beſt of my play to be beſides my ſelf in the action. You ſee (my Lord) how I empty my ſelf of my native facultie, to be ready for thoſe of your inſpirings, as the Prophets of old in a ſacred furie ran out of their wits to make room for the Deitie. I ſhall not need hereafter to digeſt my conceptions, I ſhall ſpeak by inſtinct: for when you deſigned to viſit me with your loftie Numbers, what was it elſe but to make me the Prieſt of your Lordſhips Oracle? ſuch is the ſtrength and ſpirits of your fancie, that methought your Poems (like the richeſt wine) ſent forth a ſteam at the opening. What flowed from your brain, fumed into mine: it was almoſt impoſſible to read your lines,

and

and be ſober. You, you (My Lord) are the favorite of the Muſes, your ſtrain is ſo happy, and hath the reputation for ſo matchleſſe, as if you had a double key to the Temple of Honour: to let in your ſelf and exclude competitours. It is you (My Lord) have cut the clouds and reacht perfection: who having mounted the cliffe, lends an hand to me who am labouring in the craggy aſcent: ſo towering are the praiſes you pleaſe to beſtow on me, and my deſerts ſo grovelling, that to ſhew you my head is unworthy your height; it is not able to bear ſtem, it grows giddy with the precipice: it pains me to be on the laſt of an Hyperbole, you do but crucifie my tender merits to diſtend it thus at length and breadth. Conſider I pray you, that the leaneſt endowments would be plump and full, thus blown up with a quil: and that there are ſome ſo dwarfiſh, whom the wrack will not ſtretch to a proper man. It is an excellent breathing for a puiſſant wit, to o-

verbear the world in defence of a Paradox: and a good Advocate will weather out a cauſe, when there is neither truth nor tackle to aſſiſt his invention. I perſwade my ſelf you had never undertaken to have writ my Panegyrick, but that you ſaw it was to combate with the tide, and to put your abilities to the utmoſt teſt in ſo unlikelie a ſubject. Little do you think what ſtore of oppoſers your opinion will breed you: for though you be ſo powerful in the art of perſwaſion, that ſhould you turn Apoſtate, there would need no more but to towle the bell for Religion: yet this is an Hereſie where you ſtand alone, and like *Scævus* in the breach, with your ſingle valour duel an army.

Now, my Lord, if I be not miſtaken I have found the motive that induced you to oblige me; you are tied by your Order to give protection to the weak and ſuccourleſs: ſo I muſt change mine addreſſes, and thank your Red Ribband

for

for my commendations. Such, and so many are the flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I ran the hazzard of that *Olympick* Victor, who was stifled with Posies cast upon him in approbation of his worth. Which fragrant fate, if I should sustain, what is there more to make me enamoured of death, but that the same flowers should strew my Corps in a Funerall Oration? Could you think (My Lord) that the suppressing your name was able to conceal you, when it is easie to wind you by your phrase? The sweetnesse of the language discovered the Authour; like that *Roman* Senatour, who hiding himself in time of proscription, his perfumes betrayed him. But I shall not arrest your Lordship so far with a further interruption. My Lord, you have enobled me with your testimonie: and I shall keep your Paper as the Patent of mine Honour. Yet give me leave to tell you; that among all the Epithetes you pile so artificially to build

build me a fame, there is one wanting to accompliſh my ambition, and which I beſeech your Lordſhip I may enjoy for the future, that is, to be eſteemed

SIR,

Your Honours, &c.

John Cleaveland.

FLy thou prettie active part
To the *Miſtris* of my heart,
Shew her how the tedious night,
Sadly waſtes without delight.
How my waking ſoul deviſes
The ſilent day twixt ebbs and tides.

Of hope and fear: How *Love* in me
Knows no meaſure or degree.
Tell her all my feigned dreams
Of her enjoyment, which in gleams
Of wiſhed bliſſe I ſeem to ſee
But waking prov'd a fallacie.

Contriv'd by death to kill a Swain
More than half readie ſlain,
Tell her all my ſecret fears,
What a length's in ſeven years,
And that my grief well underſtood
Is worſe by far than widdow-hood.

How to ſee and not partake
Is but dying for her ſake.
Tell her more than I dare ſay,
Yet can think as well as they

That

That feel the freedom of that heat
Which I in contemplation beat.

And let her know *love* more delights
In action than in appetites.
Tell her burial and a wife
Untouched, are both things without life,
And that too many heats and cold
Will make the best complexion old.

And when poor beautie's past its prime
The rest is but a sleeping time.
Tell her all those heights and graces,
Which are built in female faces,
Like the *orbes* without their motions
Are but glorious pitied notions.

And in short without deceit
Love cannot for ever wait;
Pray her, pray her quickly yield,
Venus joy's to loose the field,
And in fetter'd twines to lie,
Working through love's *Mysterie*.

Where in thousand winding ways
She can twist the lover's maze.

Where

Where with pleasing losse and pain
Ladies clip and to't again,
Mixing fresh with flames half gone,
Joyes first felt, then thought upon.

Tell her if she this denie,
Love only fed with aire must die,
Ask her whether groans and charms
Midnight walks and folded armes
Be all she meant, when first she slew
My silly heart at second view?

And if a life be spent in wooing,
Where's the time reserv'd for doing?
Now little sigh, if she at last
Chide and check thee with a cast
Of angrie looks, like one that comes
To kindle love in sullen Tombes?

Return to me my prettie dear,
And I will hide thee in a tear.

FINIS.

A BRIEF

TABLE

Of the ſeveral Poems, and Contents of this Book.

THe Senſes Feſtival
Fuſcara, *or the Bee-errant.*
Julia *to expedite her promiſe.*
The Hecatomb *to his Myſtreſſe.*
Upon Sir Thomas Martin.
On Mr. Edward King *drown'd in the Iriſh Seas.*
On the ſame.
Upon an Hermaphrodite.
The Authors Hermaphrodite
To the Hectors, upon the death of H. Compton.
Square Cap.
Upon Phillis, *walking before Sun-riſing.*
Upon a Miſer that made a great Feaſt, and the next day died for grief.
A young man to an old Woman courting him.
To Mr. K. T. who askt him why he was dumb.
A fair Nymph ſcorning a black Boy courting her.
A Dialogue between two Zealots upon the &c. in the Oath.
Smectimnuus, *or the Club-Divines.*
The mixt Aſſembly.

The

The Kings Diſguiſe.
The Rebel Scot.
The Scots Apoſtacie.
Rupertiſmus.
An Epitaph on the Earle of Strafford.
Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis Straffordii, *&c.*
On the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
On J.W. *A.B. of* York.
Mark Anthony
His Mock-ſong to Mark Anthony.
How the Commencement grows new.
The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter.
The Antiplatonick.
An Elegie upon Doctor Chaderton, *occaſioned by his long deferred Funeral.*
Maries Spikenard.
Chronothe on decollationis de Caroli Regis, *&c.*
An Elegie upon K. Charles.
Another on the ſame.
Another on the ſame by the Earle of Montroſe.
The Publick Faith.
A Lenten-Letany.
The ſecond part.
A Hue and Cry after the Reformation.
A Committee.
On the happie Memorie of Alderman Hoyle *that hang'd himſelf.*
Platonick Love.
Chriſtmas-day: or the Shuttle of an inſpired Weaver bolted againſt the Order of the Church for it's Solemnity.

Pix

Piæ Memoriæ Doctiſs. Reverendiſſimique in Chriſto Patris, *Iohannis Prideaux* quam-noviſſime *Wigorniæ* Epiſcopi harumque triſtiſſime lacrymarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

Obſequies on that right Reverend Father in God John Prideaux *late Biſhop of* Worceſter *deceaſed.*

On the death of his Royal Majeſty Charles *late King of* England, *&c.*

An Epitaph.

A Survey of the World.

An old man courting a young Girl.

An Epitaph on his deceaſed Friend.

Mount Ida, or, *Beauties Conteſt.*

Upon a Fly that flew into a Lady's eye, and there lay buried in a tear.

Obſequies to the memory of the truly Noble, Right Valiant, and Right Honourable, Spencer *Earle of* Northampton, *Slain at* Hopton *Field in* Staffordſhire, *in the beginning of this Civil War.*

The London Lady.

The Times.

The Model of the New Religion.

On Britannicus *his leap three ſtories high, and his eſcape from* London.

Content.

May Day.

An Epig. to Doulus.

Epigr. on the people of England.

The Table.

A Sing-song on Clarinda's *wedding.*
The Myrtle-grove.
To Mrs. T.C. *an old Widow.*
The Engagement stated.
Prælegenda *to a Poem,* viz. *The Wife-hater.*
Vituperium uxoris, *or the Wife-hater.*
An Elegie on Mr. John Cleaveland.
Upon the pitiful Elegie writ lately on him; modestly taxed and freely Vindicated by the candid censure of an indeared Brother.
*The Character of a London-*Diurnal.
The Character of a Countrey Committee-man, with the Ear-mark of a Sequestrator.
A Letter to a friend, disswading him from his attempt to marry a Nun.
Letters.
The Character of a Diurnal-maker.
Cleavelands *Petition to his Highnesse the Lord* Protector.
Cleavelands *Letter to the Earle of* Westmorland.
A Sigh.

FINIS.